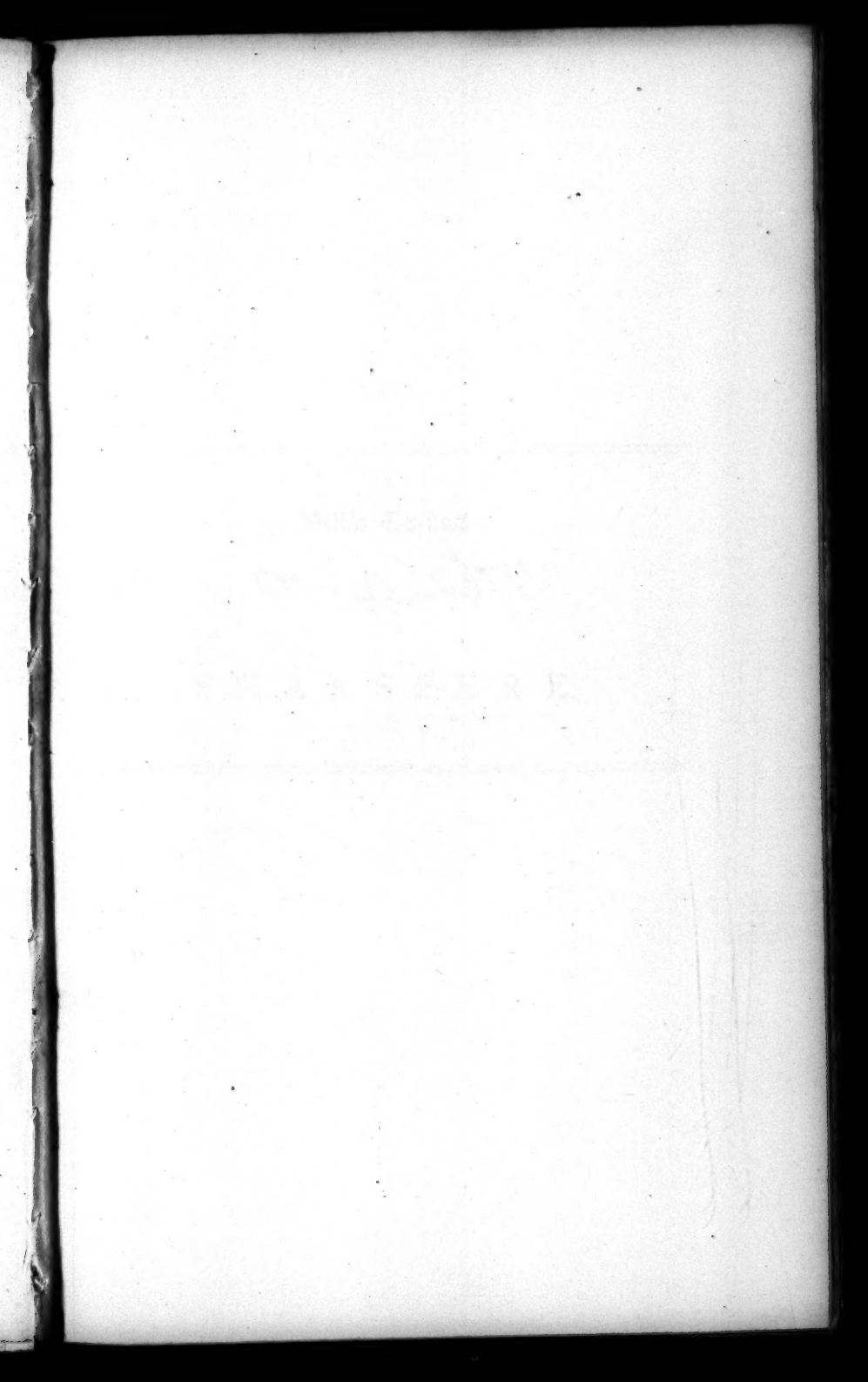




John Morice.



John Morice.



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WILL SHAKSPERE,

Bell's Edition

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SHAKSPERE.

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HENRY VI.

PART I.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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MDCCCLXXXVI.

THE EDITOR.

H E N R Y W.
P A R T I.

WILL SHAKSPERE:

Presented Complete from the TEXT OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

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THESE VOLUMES, containing the whole of the Works of the great Dramatist, are now published in a new and improved Edition, with the most accurate and complete Index, and a new and improved Preface, by the Editor, SAM. JOHNSON, and GEO. STEEVENS, Esqrs. The whole is now published in a new and improved Edition, with the most accurate and complete Index, and a new and improved Preface, by the Editor, SAM. JOHNSON, and GEO. STEEVENS, Esqrs.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Style* AND *Composition* OF THE

FIRST PART OF

HENRY VI.

THE historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemniz'd eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably

betray the workmanship of Shakspeare ; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage ; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions.

THEOBALD.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers at that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events ; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts :

*Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England bleed
Which oft our stage hath shewn.*

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written we know not, but

it

it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first part: the first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shewn on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Duke of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, and great Uncle

Duke of EXETER.

[to the King.

Duke of SOMERSET.

Earl of WARWICK.

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl of SUFFOLK.

Lord TALBOT.

Young TALBOT, his Son.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of York.

MORTIMER, Earl of March.

Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE. Sir

WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

Duke of ALENÇON.

Bastard of Orleans.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans. Boy, his Son.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

WOMEN.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King Henry.

Countess of AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called, JOAN OF ARC; a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Championess of France.

Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.



FIRST PART OF
HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey. Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of BEDFORD, Regent of France; the Duke of GLOSTER, Protector; the Duke of EXETER, and the Earl of WARWICK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and the Duke of SOMERSET, &c.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command :
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ; 11
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech ;
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exc. We mourn in black ; Why mourn we not in
 blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?

Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. 30
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-
 men pray'd ;
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe.
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

B

Bed.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered— 70

That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expence at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Crop'd are the fleur-de-luces in your arms; 80

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

1 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
chance.

France is revolted from the English quite; 90
Except some petty towns of no import:
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side. [*Exit.*

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
ness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords—to add to your la-
ments,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew.
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out again,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

Bed.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

Exc. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor; 171
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Before Orleans in France. Enter Charles, ALENÇON,
and REIGNIER, marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he shine upon the English side; 180
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-
beeves:

Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?

Talbot

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound, alarum; we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English,
with great Loss.*]

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hunger prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign,
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-
brain'd slaves,

And

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do. 220
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news
for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd ;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, 230

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry,

Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,

For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in : But first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place :

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern ;—

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. 240

Enter

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous
feats? 241

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?—

Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. 250
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself; 260
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

My

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make— 271
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine fleur-de-luces on each side;
 The which, at Touraine in saint Katharine's church-
 yard,
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man. 280

[Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
 weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
 me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant, and not sovereign be;
 'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love, 290
 For my profession's sacred from above:

When

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know: 299

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight 'till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceases to enlarge itself, 310

'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee. 320
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
 honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about
 it:—

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Tower-Gates, in London. Enter GLOSTER, with his
 Serving-Men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here? 330
 Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperi-
 ously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
 We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo.

Glo. Who willed you ? or whose will stands, but mine ?

There's none protector of the realm, but I—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize : 340
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms ?

*GLOSTER'S Men rush at the Tower-Gates, and WOOD-
VILE, the Lieutenant, speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this ? what traitors have we here ?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear ?
Open the gates ; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke ; I may not open ;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids :
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me ?
Arrogant Winchester ? that haughty prelate, 350
Whom Henry, our late sovereign ne'er could brook ?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king :
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector ;
We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector, at the Tower-Gates, WINCHESTER,
and his Men in tawny Coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey ? What means this ?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out ?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; 360
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin :
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a
foot;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place. 370

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware thy beard ;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose ! I cry — A rope ! a
rope !— 380

Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats ! out, scarlet hypocrite !

Here

Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the Hurly-Burly, the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; for thou know'st little of my wrongs: Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, 390 O'er-charging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst. 399

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not wear, handle, or use, any sword,

sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be thou
sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil! 411

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.]

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Orleans in France. Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans,
and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-
sieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know: and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim. 421

M. Gun.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by
 Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
 Something I must do, to procure me grace.
 The prince's spials have informed me,
 How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
 Went, through a secret grate of iron bars
 In yonder tower, to over-peer the city:
 And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us, with shot, or with assault. 430
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordinance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
 If I could see them: Now, boy, do thou watch;
 For I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.]

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT, with Sir
 W. GLANSDALE and Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE,
 on the Turrets.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top;

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far, *But M. Gou. But*
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
 Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
 Rather than I would be so pill'd esteem'd. *Ch. 450*
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd. *The prince's spirit*
 But, oh! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power. *In your hand*

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorn, and contumelious
 taunts. *To intercept this inconvenience*

In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all;
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 The scare-crow that affrights our children so. *I 460*
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant: *Sal. Talbot*
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had, *were they* *470*
 That walk'd about me every minute while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart. *Yes. The*

*Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santarville,
 For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.*

— *Enter the Boy with a Linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions:
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY and Sir THO.

GARGRAVE fall down.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak; 490

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace: 500

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whiles—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,* 510

Remember to avenge me on the French.—

Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an Alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head:

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd—

A holy prophetess, new risen up—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege. 520

[*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up, and groans.*

Tal.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarum. Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*]

SCENE V.

Here an Alarum again; and TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them; 530
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee:—[*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,

And

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet. 540

Pucel. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short Alarum. Then enters the Town with Soldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*Exit PUCELLE.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists: 550
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.— 560

[*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In

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Act I.

HENRY VI. P^T I.

Scene 6



Randerg del.^o

Northam sculp.^o

MISS STEWART in JOAN LA PUCELLE

*Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans.*

Printed for J.Bell, British Library, Strand, London: March 3^d 1786.

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Exit TALBOT.

[Alarum, retreat, flourish.

SCENE VI.

*Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, Dauphin, REIGNIER,
ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word. 570

Dau. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets, 580
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau.

Dau. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which, I will divide my crown with her:
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
 In memory of her, when she is dead, 590
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans. Enter a French Serjeant with two Centinels.

Serjeant.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
 If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [Exit Serjeant.] Thus are
poor servitors

(When

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, and BURGUNDY, with scaling Ladders. Their Drums beating a dead March.

Tal. Lord regent—and redoubted Burgundy—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us——
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial !

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits :
God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,

D

30
That

That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the Walls, cry, St. George!*
A Talbot!

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
assault!

40

The French leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter several Ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he
sped.

50

Enter

Enter CHARLES, and PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail.
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good, 60
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct, 71
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

Dij

And

And now there rests no other shift but this—
 To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
 And lay new platforms to endamage them. 80

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
they fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BUR-
GUNDY, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle centre of this cursed town.— 90
 Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
 There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
 And, that hereafter ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb,

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :
 Upon the which, that every one may read,
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans ;
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death, 100
 And what a terror he had been to France.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace ;
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;
 Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight
 began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern, 110
 For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
 Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull ;
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lord ! which of this princely
 train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France ?

Tal. Here is the Talbot ; Who would speak with
 him ?

D i i j

Mess.

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;
 That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
 Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.— 130
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of
 men
 Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
 And in submission will attend on her.—
 Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:
 And I have heard it said—Unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone. 140

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
 Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my
 mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*The Countess of AUVERGNE's Castle. Enter the Countess,
and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, brings the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What is this the
man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. *[As musing.]* Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas!

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp;
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure, 170
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither
he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thrifty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. 180
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn
to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond, 190
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part;

And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horn. Drums strike up: a Peal of Ordnance.

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam, are you now persuaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruit'd,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake 220
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done, hath not offended me:
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden. Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
 silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth? 230

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plant. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
 Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
 And never yet could frame my will to it;
 And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-
 tween us.

War.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, 240

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd, 250

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth, 260

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion. 270

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, 280
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.

Plant. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses; 290
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear ; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plant. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole !
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England ;

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ;

Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom :

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
 For treason executed in our late king's days
 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
 And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
 Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
 And know us, by these colours for thy foes;
 For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
 And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.]*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewel, ambitious

Richard. *[Exit.]*

Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
 And, if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon the party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy—This brawl to-day
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple-Garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lanc. And so will I.

Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A Room in the Tower. Enter MORTIMER, brought in a
 Chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself,
 Even like a man new-haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Eij

Argue

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. 370
 These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
 Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay—
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.—
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come? 380

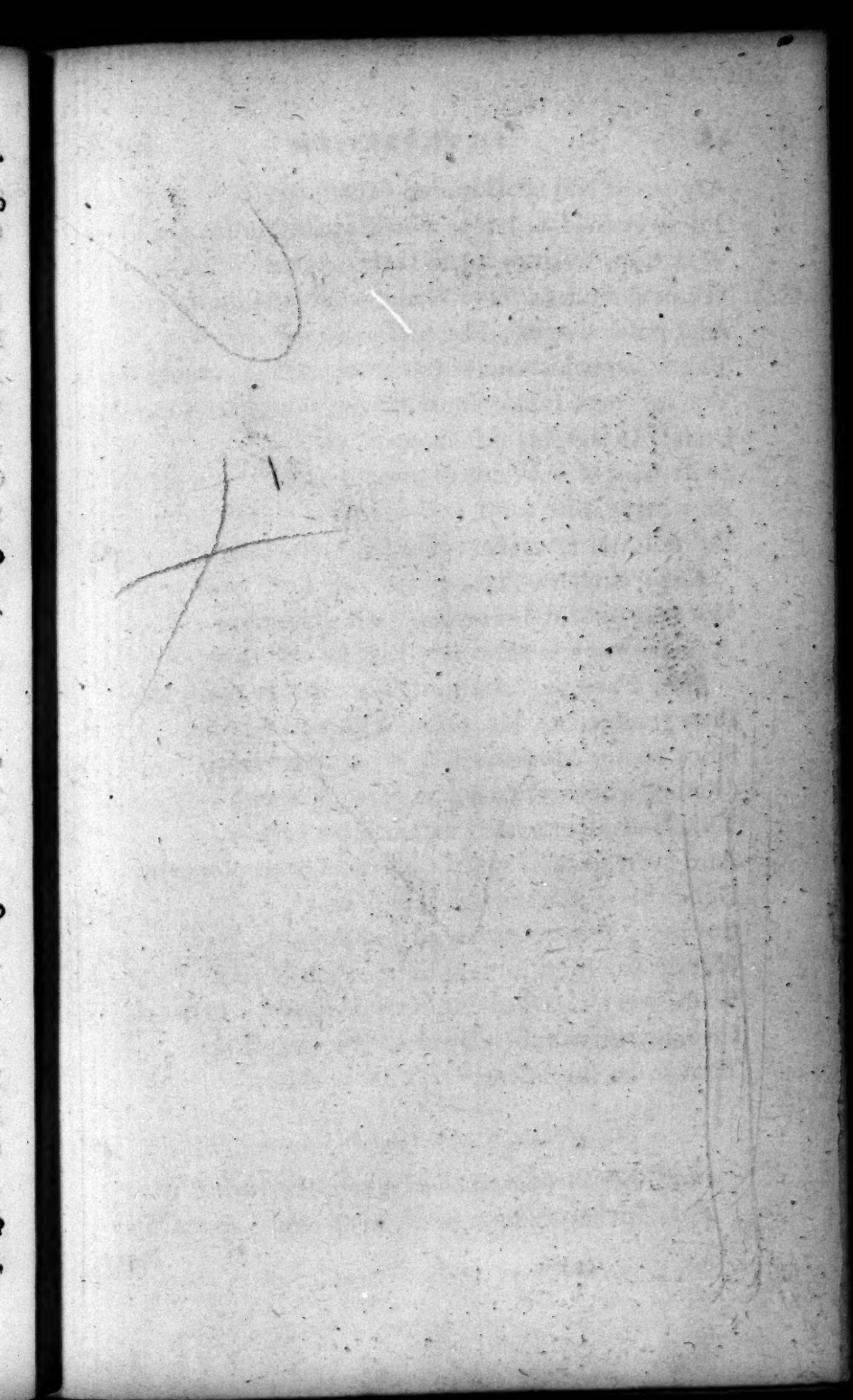
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd—
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms)
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance: 390
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

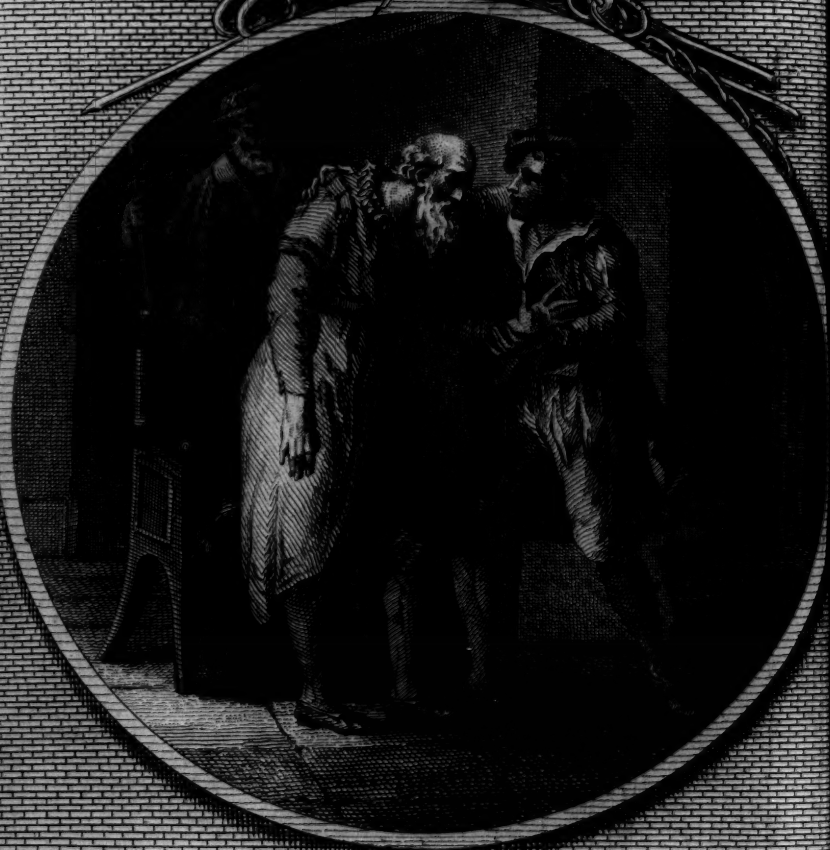
Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plant.



L. A. R. P. E.



HENRY VI. PT. I.

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
Act. 1. Scene 6

Hamilton del.

Dunbar scul.

Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp : 401
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine
arm ;
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me :
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue, 410
And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him :
Therefore, good uncle—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine, 420
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plant. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north, 430
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young kind Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree, 440
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of hard distress, 450
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mar.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have; A
And that my fainting words do warrant death: *Exit W.*
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather: *Exit B.*
But yet be wary in thy studious care. 460

Plant. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plant. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age! 471

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer
doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*]

Plant. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.— 480
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort;—

And,

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament; 490
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Parliament. Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and RICHARD PLANTAGENET. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Winchester.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster & if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd 10
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

Verbatim

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession, and degree ; 20
 And for thy treachery, What's more manifest ?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-Bridge, as at the Tower ?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
 As he will have me, How am I so poor ? 30
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
 More than I do—except I be provok'd ?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke :
 It is, because no one should sway but he ;
 No one, but he, should be about the king ;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40
 But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good !

Thou

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life!

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Rich. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*

K. Henry. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—

[*A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again, Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords—and virtuous Henry—
Pity the city of London, pity us! 81
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops. 89

Enter Men in Skirmish, with bloody Pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo.

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty : 100

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile. 110

K. Henry. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my
soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Win-
chester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too, 120
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop ;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :
Why look you still so stern, and tragical ? 130

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king ! — the bishop hath a kindly
gird. —

For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent ;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give. 140

Glo. Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers :
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not !

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract ! —
Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done. 150

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

F

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physick
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign ;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick ;—for, sweet
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right : 160
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force :

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood ;

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone, 170
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, 'till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against
my foot ;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York ;
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;

And

And rise created princely duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall;
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
And it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, king Henry
goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Roan in France. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised,
and Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs, like Country-
men.

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach :—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words ; 210
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as, I hope, we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Watch. *Qui va là ?* 220

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and ALENÇON.

Dau. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in? 229

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a Battlement, thrusting out
a Torch burning.*

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beaçon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes! 239

Reig. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch!

[An Alarum; TALBOT in an Excursion.]

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. *[Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a Chair, with TALBOT and BURGUNDY, without. Within, JOAN LA PUCELLE, Dauphin, Bastard, and ALENÇON, on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate: 250
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours! 260
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, and the rest, whisper together in Council.

God

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no. 270

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signor, no.

Tal. Signor, hang!—base muletters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell
you 280

That we are here. [*Exeunt from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France),
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried; 290
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter

Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe. 299

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe;—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy. 310

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces.

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE,
and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such
haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat:

Retreat: Excursions. PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man? 320

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.]

An Alarm: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:—

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle

now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep: 330

Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his

gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
 The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, 340
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan;
 A braver soldier never couched lance,
 A gentler heart did never sway in court:
 But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
 For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The same. The Plain near the City. Enter the Dauphin,
 Bastard, ALENÇON, and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
 Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, 350
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
 We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
 If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint; 360
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces. 369

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Here beat an English March.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

[*French March.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him. 380

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-
ing hence.

Dau.

Dau. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bo-
som,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind—and mark but this, for proof;—
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
 And was he not in England prisoner?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men. 420
 Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
 Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of
 her's

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces, and my power of men are yours;—
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done, like a Frenchman; turn, and turn
 again! 430

Dau. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
 us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
 powers;
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Paris. An Apartment in the Palace. Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, with Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince—and honourable peers—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm;
I have a while given truce unto my wars;
To do my duty to my sovereign : 440
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Let's fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ? 450

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious
lord !

When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face : 460

Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King, Glo: TAL.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset. 470

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death ;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood,
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. 481

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Paris. A Room of State. Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, and Governor of Paris.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath—
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg

[*Plucking it off.*

(Which I have done), because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers—

When

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Does but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st
thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his stile?
No more but, plain and bluntly—*To the King?*

[*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—*I have upon special cause—* [*Reads.*

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.*

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so; 61
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord; he writes.

K. Henry. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk
with him;

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content? 70

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am pre-
vented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight;
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends!

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit TAL.*

Enter VERNON, and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave
to speak.— 82

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;

With

With other vile and ignominious terms;
 In confutation of which rude reproach;
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
 For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
 And he first took exceptions, at this badge,
 Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
 out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in
 brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
 Such factious emulations shall arise!—
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first. 121

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
 And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
 With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
 And you, my lord—methinks, you do not well,
 To bear with their perverse objections;
 Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be
 friends;

K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be com-
 batants;

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
 And you, my lords—remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
 Beside, What infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years; and let us not forego
 That for a trifle, which was bought with blood
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset, than York :
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade,
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love. —
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France : —
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troop of horsemen with his bands of foot ; —
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[Flourish. Exeunt.
 Manent YORK, WARWICK, EXETER, and VERNON.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War.

Rose.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did—But let it rest ;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet EXETER.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
voice: 182

For, had the passion of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event: 190
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands ;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*Before the Walls of Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT, with
Trumpets and Drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would—Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects, 200
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers;
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth. 210
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :
For, I protest we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face. 220
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal ;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured, 230
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark ! hark ! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul ;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exit from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy ;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs ! 240
If we be English deer, be then in blood !
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch ;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and saint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of France. Enter a Messenger, meeting YORK, who enters with a Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin? 251

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege! 260
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,

And

And hemm'd about with grim destruction: 276
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!

So should we save a valiant gentleman,

By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,

That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. 282

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul!

And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel towards his warlike father!

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;

And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?

Away! vexation almost stops my breath, 290

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,

But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—

Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition

Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss

The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory, 300
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of France. Enter SOMERSET, with his Army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with; the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame, 310
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you
sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions,

And

And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him
aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the
horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,

Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight;

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Son. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

*A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT, and
his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ; 350
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But—O malignant and ill-boding stars !—
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?
And shall I fly ? O ! if you love my mother, 361
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me ;
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be; 370
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In your's they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, 380
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight
abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that
stain. 390

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;
 For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. 401
 Come, side by side together live and die;
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarum: *Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemm'd
 about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers,
 fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of France's sword.
 Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
 I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice, my father! twice am I thy son :
 The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done ;
 'Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate, 411
 To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword
 struck fire,
 It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age

Quicken'd

Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
 The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
 From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood 420
 Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
 Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
 Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, 431
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my life one day: 440
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,

These words of your's draw life-blood from my heart:

Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die! 450

And like me to the peasant boys of France;

To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son!

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;

If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,

Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. 460

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter old TALBOT, led by the French.

Tal. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone;

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!

Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee: —

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience :
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none, 470
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter JOHN TALBOT, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
 scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 480

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—

O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
 Had death been French, then death had died to-
 day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 490

Soldiers,

Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Continues near Bourdeaux. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
BURGUNDY, Bastard, and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

Charles.

HAD York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :

But—with a proud, majestical, high scorn—

He answer'd thus ; *Young Talbot was not born—*

To be the pillage of a giglot wench :

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
knight :

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asun-
der ;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char.

Char. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent;
to know

Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. 20

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin? 'tis a meer French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,

Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms, 30

Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef-

field.

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;

Knight of the noble order of saint George,

Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;

Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Pucel. Here is a silly stately style, indeed! 40

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain ! the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?

Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life !

It were enough to fright the realm of France : 50

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear 60

Them hence : but from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix, that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou
wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

England. Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage! uncle, alas! my years are young;

I ij

And

And fitter is my study, and my books,
 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
 So let them have their answers every one: 90
 I shall be well content with any choice,
 Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER as Cardinal.

Exc. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
 And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
 Then, I perceive, that will be verifi'd,
 Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Henry. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
 Have been consider'd and debated on. 100
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
 Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master—
 I have inform'd his highness so at large,
 As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower—
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen. 110

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
 Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
 And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

And

And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King and Train.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer. 129
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
The bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

France. Enter Dauphin, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON,
and JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French. 130

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucl.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee,
speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently. 140

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUELLE.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts; 150
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [Thunder.

You

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field. 160

[They walk, and speak not.]

Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their Heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit!

[They shake their Heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, 170
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

Excursions. PUCELLE and YORK fight Hand to Hand.
PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.— 188
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, Charles the dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy
tongue. 190

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*]

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. 200

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*]

Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, 210
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind!
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass? 221
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How can'st thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar.

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom!
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry, is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

Suf.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. 251

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile, 260
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What? 270

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam: are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours,
forth:

And,

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 280

Sound. Enter REIGNIER on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent),
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto; 290
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the Walls.]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases. 300

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That his her ransom, I deliver her ; 310
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king :
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news, 320
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd :
So, farewell, Reignier ! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam ! But hark you, Mar-
garet ;
No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid, 330
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal, [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIGNIER, and MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth; 341
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

*Camp of the Duke of YORK in Anjou. Enter YORK,
WARWICK, a Shepherd, and PUCELLE.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to
burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out-
right! 350

Have I sought every country far and near,

And,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis
not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify 360
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this
man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth. 370,

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Kij

Dost

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab ? 380
O, burn her, burn her ! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away ; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd :

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits : 390

But you—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, 400

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay ;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,

Spare for no faggots, let there be enough :

Place barrells of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?—

Then Joan, discover thine infirmity ;

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—

I am with child, ye bloody homicides : 410
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with
child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love. 421

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free. 430

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave
my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you ; 'till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[Exit guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell ! 441

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, &c.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And see at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect ? 450
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France. 460

War. Be patient, York ; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, and REIGNIER.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies. 470

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity. 480

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative, 490
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No,

No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league ;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king, 500
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My, lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavil in the course of this contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility : 510
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*]

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our condi-
tion stand ?

Char. It shall :
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England, 510
Thou

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES, and the rest give Tokens of Fealty.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please; 521
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

England. A Room in the Palace. Enter SUFFOLK, in Conference with King HENRY; GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown, 530
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them),
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights, 540
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

To

To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem; 550
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that?

Her father is no better than an earl, 560
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give. 570

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,

To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
 Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 But marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects, 380
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ? 390
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king :
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
 (More than in woman commonly is seen), will
 Answer our hope in issue of a king ;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve,
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she. 601
K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your re-
 port,

My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
 Agree to any covenants ; and procure
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say ; for, 'till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Excunt GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR ADASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library. STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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ANNOTATIONS
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KING HENRY VI.
PART I.

ACT I.

Line 3. *BRANDISH* your crystal tresses—] *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet*, Lord Sterline, 1604 :

“ When as those *crystal* comets whiles appear.”

Spenser, in his *Faery Queene*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady’s face :

“ Like sunny beams threw from her *crystal* face.”

Again in an ancient song entitled: *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love* :

“ You *crystal* planets shine all clear

“ And light a lover’s way.”

A ij

“ There

"There is also a *white comet* with silver haïres," says *Pliny*, as translated by P. Holland, 1601.

STEEVENS.

5. *That have consented*——] If this expression mean no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: "O sweet *consent*!" i. e. sweet union of sounds.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. IV. c. ii.

"Such musick his wise words with time *consented*."

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*." and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakspeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Ephithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines:

"——shall we curse the planets of mishap,

"That *plotted* thus," &c.

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that——"they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese."

STEEVENS.

25. ——*the subtle-witted French*, &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life mi ht be taken away

away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song.

JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoveries of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death."

STEEVENS.

50. *Our isle be made a marish of salt tears.*] I have been informed, that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*.

Nourice, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one:

"Of that chylde she was blyth,

"After *noryshes* she sent belive."

Syr Eglamour of Artois, bl. l. no date.

A *nourish*, therefore, in this passage of our author, signifies a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the 12th chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochus*, by Lydgate;

"——thenes whan it was in his floures

"Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

"——Jubæ tellus generat, leonum

"*Arida nutrix.*" STEEVENS.

Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*, uses *nourice* as an English word:

"Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity."

MALONE.

56. *Than Julius Casar, or bright——*] T. Hamer has stopped at *Casar*. It might, however, have been written,—or *bright Berenice*. JOHNSON.

60. *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Roan* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers, that it had been mentioned with the rest.

STEEVENS.

88. *To weep their intermissive miseries.*] *i. e.* their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them.

WARBURTON.

112. *Having full scarce, &c.*] So, in the *Tempest*:

“——Prospero, master of a *full* poor cell.”

STEEVENS.

131. *If Sir John Fastolfe——*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V.* The occasion whereof is, that this play was written before *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.*” But Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called) was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe*, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin, in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that “he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence,

defence, restored to his honour."—"This Sir *John Fastolfe*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Fastolph*:

"Strong *Fastolph* with this man compare we justly may,

"By *Salsbury* who oft being seriously imploy'd

"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd ;

"With excellent successe in *Main* and *Anjou* fought,

"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought ;

"And chosen to go forth with *Vadamont* in warre,

"Most resolutely tooke proud *Renate* duke of *Barre*." STEEVENS.

For an account of this *Sir John Fastolfe*, see *Anstis's* Treatise on the Order of the Garter ; *Parkins's* Supplement to *Blomfield's* History of Norfolk ; *Tanner's* Bibliotheca Britannica. *Capel's* notes, Vol. I. p. 228.

REED.

and *Fenn's* Collection of the *Paston Letters*. HENLEY.

132. *He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,]* Some of the editors seem have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *rereward*,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it.

STEEVENS.

178. *Mars his true moving, &c.*] So Nash, in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596:—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to."

STEEVENS.

205. ———*as their hungry prey.*] I believe it should be read:

As their hungred prey. JOHNSON.

207. *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. *to give a person as good, a one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

218. ———*gimmals*—] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one pin moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is---"A faire chest with *gimmals* and key." Again, "Three other chests with *gimmals* of silver and gilt."

STEEVENS.

225. ———*your cheer appall'd*;---] *Cheer* is countenance, appearance. STEEVENS.

233. — *— nine Sibyls of old Rome ;*] There were no *nine Sibyls* of Rome ; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARBURTON.

235. *Believe my words,*] It should be read :

— *believe her words.* JOHNSON.

276. *Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces, &c.*] We should read, according to Holinshed, *five* flower-de-luces. “ — in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure-de-lices was graven on both sides,” &c. STEEVENS.

285. *Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play :

“ *Doing* is activity, and he will still be *doing*.”

COLLINS.

308. *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

310. *Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,*

'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.]

So, in NOSCE TEIPSUM, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599 :

“ As when a stone is into water cast,

“ One circle doth another circle make,

“ Till the last circle reach the bank at last.”

See also Statius, lib. 13, v. 24.

MALONE.

315. ——— *like that proud insulting ship,*

Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.] This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by Sir T. North. "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the maister of the pinnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him: but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar his fortune with thee.*" STEEVENS.

317. Dauph. *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust his bill in to find its breakfast; *Mahomet* persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice." See Sir *Walter Raleigh's History of the Word*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

320. *Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,—*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*.

HANMER.

329. ——— *there is conveyance.* ———] *Conveyance* means theft. HANMER.

340. *Break up the gates,—*] I suppose *to break up the gate*, is to force up the portcullis, or, by the application of petards, to blow up the gates themselves.

STEEVENS.

To break up, in Shakspeare's age, was the same as to *break open*. Thus in our translation of the Bible.

"They

"They have *broken up*, and have passed through the gate." Micah, c. 2. v. 13. So, again in St. Matthew, "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to *be broken up*." c. 24. v. 43.

WHALLEY.

356. ———*tawny coats*.] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called, *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a *sumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court:

"Tho' I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *sommoner's* part."

These are the natural attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "——and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*," &c.

Tawny was likewise a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court.

"A crowne of baies shall that man weare

"That triumphes over me;

"For *blacker* and *tawnie* will I weare,

"Which mourning colours be."

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacker* and *tawnie*; by E. O. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596.

STEEVENS.

357. *Piel'd priest*,——] Alluding to his shaven crown.

POPE.

In Skinner (to whose dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd* garlick, *cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim e lue venerea, defluerunt.*

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholemew Fair* the following instance occurs:

"I'll see them p——'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd*." STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 134. Robert Baldocke, Bishop of London, is called a *peel'd* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery.

TOLLET.

362. *Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;—*]

The publick stews were formerly under the direction of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court-leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark), in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

"*De his, qui custodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

"*Item, That no steward keep any woman within his house, that hath any sickness of brenning, but that she be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings.*"

UFTON.

363. *I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*]

This

This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.*

So, Sir *W. Davenant*, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :

“ I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat.”

To canvass was anciently used for to sift. So, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618 :

“ ——— We'll canvass him. ——— ”

“ ——— I am too big ——— ”

Again in the Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Hervey's Hunt is up, &c.* 1596 :

——“ *canvaze* him and his angel brother Gabriel in ten sheets of paper,” &c.

STEEVENS.

May not the Duke mean, I will interrogate thee, and sift thy conduct, in defiance of the hat thou wear-est, and the support which the Pope may vouchsafe thee ?

HENLEY.

366. *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*] *N. B.*

About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. *Maundrel's Travels*, p. 131.

POPE.

“ And in that place where *Damasc* was founded *Kaym* sloughe *Abel* his brother.” *Mandeville's Travels*.

REED.

380. *Winchester goose!*——] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose.

JOHNSON.

410. Mayor. *I'll call for clubs, if yon will not a-way:*——] This was an outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets. It hath been explained before.

WHALLEY.

416. ———that nobles should such stomachs bear!

[*I myself fight not once in forty year.*] The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen.

JOHNSON.

424. *The prince's 'spials*] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*:

“For subtilly he had his *espaille*.” STEEVENS.

440. *Talbot*,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* are deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1595: “How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had line two hundred years in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.”

STEEVENS.

450. ———so pill'd esteem'd.] *So pill'd*, means so pillag'd, so stripp'd of honours.

STEEVENS.

500. *One eye thou hast, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

“——my lord, you have one eye left,

“To see some mischief on him.”

STEEVENS.

524. *Pucelle* or *Puzzel*,——] It should be remembered, that in Shakspeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*.

STEEVENS.

Pussel means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e.

malus

malus factor, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read,—“Some filthy queens, especially our puzzles of Paris, use this other theft.” TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595.—“No nor yet any droye nor puzzel in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“Lady or *Pusill* then wears mask or fan.”

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir *Tho. Bodley* in the library at Oxford, “—*Pii Thomæ Godly nomine insignivit, coque potius nomine quam Bodly, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit.*” See *Rex Platonius*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187. STEEVENS.

There are frequent references to this etymology in this play:

“I scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*.”

Again:

“Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!”

MALONE.

534. *Blood will I draw on thee*,—] The superstition of those times taught, that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

573. —*like Adonis' gardens*,] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute upon this very important point of the *gardens of Adonis*. Milton had said:

“ Spot more delicious than those gardens feign’d,

“ Or of reviv’d Adonis, or——”

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; for that the *Κῆποι Ἀδωνιδος*, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettice or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis’s worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettice bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c. To this Dr. Pearce replies, That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis’ festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny’s words, xix. 4.” “Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum hortos, ac regum Adonidis & Alcinoi.”

WARBURTON.

589. *Than Rhodope’s*,——] Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least, but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th book of his *Natural History*) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Costly Whore*, 1633:

“——a

“ ———a base *Rhodope*,
 “ Whose body is as common as the sea
 “ In the receipt of every lustful spring.”

I would read :

Than *Rhodope's* of *Memphis* ever was.

STEEVENS.

592. ———*coffer of Darius*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in *Vita Alexandri Magni*.

THEOBALD.

ACT. II.

Line 41. ———*UNREADY* so?] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd*. JOHNSON. So, in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609 :

“ Enter James *unready* in his night-cap, garterless,” &c.

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this stage direction :

“ He

"He makes himself unready."

"Why what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil as to *unbrace* you here?"

Again, in *Monsieur D'olive*, 1606:

"You are not going to bed, I see you are not yet *unready*,"

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himself *unready*."

STEEVENS.

81. Enter a soldier, crying, *a Talbot! a Talbot!*]

And afterwards:

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword.

Here, a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakspeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that lord Talbot's "*noblenesse* bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at the *only hearing* of his name: insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the TALBOT cometh." See also the end of Sc. iii. Act. ii. WARTON.

The same is said in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, of Lord Warwick:

"And still so fearful was great *Warwick's* name,

"That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,

"On the king's army till at length they light."

112. — *his trull*;] I believe *trull* did not anciently bear so harsh an interpretation as at present

In the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient child* (no date) by Tho. Ingeland, is the following stanza of a song sung by a young man in the presence of the lady to whom he was instantly to be married :

“ This mynion here, this myncing *trull*,

“ Doth please me more a thousande folde,

“ Than all the earthe that is so full

“ Of precious stones, silver, and golde.” &c.

“ How like ye this songe, my owne swete Rose ?

“ Is it well made for our purpose ?

Young Woman.

“ I never heard in all my lyfe a better,

“ More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Reed, on the authority of the author of *The Remarks* says, that in Shakspeare's time, and long before, *trull* signified *astrumpet*, a *harlot*; and adds : “ In the ancient Morality of the Four Elements, a fellow says :

“ For to satisfy your wanton lust,

“ I shall appoint you a *trull* of trust,

“ Nor a fairer in this town.”

Again, in the old May Game of *Robin Hode* :

“ She is a *trull* of trust, to serve a fryer at his lust.”

187. —[*captive*.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda* :

“ If not destroy'd and bound, and *captive*,

“ If *captive*, then forc'd from holy faith.”

STEEVENS.

190.

190. —so fond] *i. e.* so foolish, STEEVENS.

203. *This is a riddling merchant, &c.]* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“What saucy *merchant* was this.”

See a note on this passage, act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

234. All the editions read:

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset i' th' error ?] There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i' th' right ?

JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read;

And was not—————

STEEVENS.

258. *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.]*

This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter, But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*: meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret.

WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too?—The rose, (as the fables say) was the symbol

bol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this. "Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii *sub rosa*, (Anglicè *under the rose*,) transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atq̃ ista, Μισὼ μνάμονα συμπόταν. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore :

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent

"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.

"Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,

"Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant."

UPTON.

262. *I love no colours;—*] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. JOHNSON.

271. *—well objected;]* Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyssey* :

"Excites Penelope t' *object* the prize

"(The bow and bright steels) to the woer's strength." STEEVENS.

314. *Spring crestless yeomen—]* *i. e.* those who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

315. *He bears him on the place's privilege,]* The Temple, being a religious house, was an assylum, a place

place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and blood-shed.

JOHNSON.

322. *Corrupted, and exempted*—] *Exempt, for excluded.* WARBURTON.

331. —for this apprehension:] *Apprehension, i. e. opinion.* WARBURTON.

336. —this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,]

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look’st pale.—

“And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:

“Dry sorrow *drinks our blood.*” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a *cognisance* à *cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognisance* is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet; and by a designed blunder in Ben Jonson’s works 1765, vol. I. p. 160, and vol. II. p. 356, it is called a *cullisen*, which Mr. Whalley’s Dictionaries, or the heralds he consulted, could not explain. TOLLET.

364. *Enter Mortimer*,—] In the third year of Henry VI. (1425), and during the time that Peter Duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, “Ed-
“monde Mortymer,” says Hall, “the last erle of
“March of that name (which long tyme had bene re-
“strayned from his liberty, and finally waxed lame)
“disceased wythout yssue, whose inheritance dis-
“cended to Lord Richard Plantagenet,” &c.

REMARKS.

365. *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.*—] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phænissæ* of Euripides:

Tiresias. Ἦγὼ πάροισθε δ'ύγαλεις, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμοῦς εἴ σὺ, ναυδάταισιν ἄστρον ὥς
Δευρ', εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἵχνος τιθεῖς' ἑμὸν, &c.

STEEVENS.

368. —*pursuivants of death,*] Pursuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach.

JOHNSON.

370. *Edmund Mortimer.*] This Edmund Mortimer, when King Richard II. set out upon his fatal Irish expedition, was declared by that prince heir apparent to the crown; for which reason King Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in prison during their whole reigns.

THEOBALD.

372. —*as drawing to their exigent:*] Exigent, end.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent*."

STEEVENS.

374. *And pithless arms,*—] *Pith* was used for marrow, and figuratively, for strength.

JOHNSON.

392. *Just death, kind umpire of mens' miseries,*] *i. e.* he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced.

JOHNSON.

407. —*I'll tell thee my disease.*] Disease seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*.

JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakspere elsewhere. Thus likewise in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, book iii. c. 5.

“ But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain
disease.”

That to *disease* is to *disturb*, may be known from the following passages in Chapman's version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*:

“ But brother, hye thee to the ships, and Idomen
disease.”

i. e. wake him. Book vi. edit. 1598.

Again, *Odyss.* b. vi.

“ ———with which he declin'd

“ The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,

“ And any sleeper when he wish'd *diseased*.”

Again, in the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*:

“ He thought the Scots might him *disease*

“ With constituted captains meet.” STEEVENS.

427. ———his nephew *Richard*;——] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio——he shall “ have his *nephews* (*i. e.* the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.”

STEEVENS.

442. ———in his haughty great attempt,] *Haughty* is high.

JOHNSON.

459. *Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:]*

The

The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my *heir*; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. REVISAL.

485. *Here dies the dusky torch—*] The image is of a torch just extinguished, and yet smoaking. But we should read *lies* instead of *dies*. For when a dead man is represented by an extinguished torch, we must say the *torch lies*: when an extinguished torch is compared to a dead man, we must say the *torch dies*. The reason is plain, because integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illustrating*, not the thing *illustrated*, be employed. WARBURTON.

486. *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—*] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition. WARBURTON.

492. In the former editions,

Or make my will th' advantage of my good] So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read,

Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.

Thus we recover the *antithesis* of the expression.

THEOBALD.

Æt III.

Line 54. — ROAM thither then.] Roam to Rome. To roam is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome.

JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

“ — three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills,” &c.

STEEVENS.

55. *Som. My lord it were your duty to forbear.]* This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by *Warwick*. The modern editors have very properly given it to *Somerset*, for whom it seems to have been meant.

Ay, see, the bishop be not over-borne,
was erroneously given in the next speech to *Somerset*, instead of *Warwick*, to whom it has been since restored.

STEEVENS.

97. — *unaccustom'd fight aside.] Unaccustom'd is unseemly, indecent.*

JOHNSON.

103. — *an inkhorn mate,] A bookman.* JOHNSON.

136. — *hath a kindly gird. —] A kindly gird is a gentle or friendly reproof. Falstaff observes, that*

“ — men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him.”
and in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Babtista says,

“ — *Tranio hits you now:*”

to which *Lucentio* answers,

“ I thank

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio."

STEEVENS.

176. ———*reguerdon*———] Recompence, return.

JOHNSON.

200. *So will this base and envious discord breed.*] *i. e.*
so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself*,
and advance.

JOHNSON.

217. *Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,*] Fal-
staff has the same quibble, shewing his bottle of *sack* :

"Here's that will *sack* a city."

STEEVENS.

220. *Qui va là ?*] The old eopy has—*Che là* ; evi-
dently a corruption of—*Qui est là ?*

MALONE.

227. ———*Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants* :]
Practice, in the language of that time, was *treachery*,
and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practisants*
are therefore *confederates in stratagems*.

JOHNSON.

232. *No way to that,*———] *i. e.* *no way equal to that*,
no way so fit as that,

JOHNSON.

247. *That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.*] *Pride*
signifies the *haughty power*. The same speaker
says afterwards, act iv. scene vi.

"*And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.*

WARBURTON.

248. ———*Alençon, on the walls.*———] Alençon, Sir
Thomas Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reig-
nier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the
ensuing scene.

JOHNSON.

301. ———*once I read,*

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.] This

C iij

hero

hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.

Shakspeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle* (as I learn from Dr. Grey), gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter
 "To bear him so then unto Verolame,
 "Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,
 "That saint Albone's now hight of noble fame,
 "Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they
 came,
 "Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.
 "The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne."

STEEVENS.

318. *Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please;
 For I have seen——*] So. in St. Luke, 2, 29.

"Lord now letttest thou thy servant depart in peace,
 "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STEEVENS.

332. *What, all a-mort?——*] i. e. *depressed with melancholy.* * * *

369. *But be extirped from our provinces.*] To extirp is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:

"The world shall gather to extirp our name."

STEEVENS.

370. —expuls'd *from Fance*,] *i. e.* expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

“ The *expuls'd* *Apicata* finds them there.”

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium* :

“ And if you *expulse* them there,

“ They'll hang upon your braided hair.”

STEEVENS.

392. *As looks the mother on her lowly babe*,] It is plain Shakspeare wrote, —*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestick image is brought to illustrate. WARBURTON.

The alteration is easy and probable; but perhaps the poet, by *lowly babe*, meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wasting ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*. JOHNSON.

423. —these *haughty words* of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,] How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft intreaty and mild expostulation. JOHNSON.

429. *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*]

This seems to be an offering of the poet to his royal mistress's resentment, for Henry the Fourth's last great turn in religion, in the year 1593. WARBURTON.

The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove, that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

459. *Or been reguerdon'd*—] *i. e.* rewarded. The word

word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius*. STEEVENS.

465. —[*these colours that I wear*] This was the badge of a *rose*, and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: act iii. scene the last,

“And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop.”

TOLLET.

475. *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;*] Shakspeare wrote,

———*draws a sword i' th' presence 't's death;*

i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber.

WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shews the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written as in the folio:

“*That, who so draws a sword——*”

i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court, or in the presence chamber

Johnson, in his collection of *Ecclesiastical Laws*, has preserved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons, 623. “If any one fights in the king's house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not.” I am told that there are many other ancient canons to the same purpose. Grey.

STEEVENS.

Sir William Blackstone observes that, “by the ancient law before the Conquest, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, was *punished with death*.”

"death. So too in the old Gothic constitution, there
 "were many places privileged by law, *quibus major*
 "*reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quæ*
 "*sancta habebantur,—arces et aula regis,—Denique locus*
 "*quilibet presente aut adventante rege.* And at present
 "with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. mali-
 "cious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal
 "person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punish-
 "able by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the
 "king's pleasure; and also with loss of the offender's
 "right hand, the solemn execution of which sentence
 "is prescribed in the statute at length." *Commentaries*,
 vol. iv. p. 124.

ACT IV.

Line 6. —SUCH as shall pretend] To pretend is to
 design, to intend. JOHNSON.

14. I vow'd base knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,] The
 last line should run thus,
 From thy craven leg: thy mean, dastardly leg.

WHALLEY.

19. —at the battle of Poitiers—] The battle
 of Poitiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of
 king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th
 year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This
 blunder

blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action, of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read instead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell departed without anie stroke stricken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601.

STEEVENS.

35. —*haughty courage*,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*.

JOHNSON.

54. Pretend *some alteration in good will*?] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, *i. e.* to *hold out*, to *stretch forward*. Modern editors read *portend*.

STEEVENS.

94. —*did repugn the truth*,] To *repugn* is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

180. In the former editions,

And if I wish he did—] By the pointing reform'd, and a single letter expung'd, I have restor'd the text to its purity. *And, if I wis, he did*—*Warwick* had said, the king meant no harm in wearing *Somerset's* rose: *York* testily replies,

"Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm."

THEOBALD.

I read,

I read, I *wist*. The pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*, which is used by Shakspeare in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“There be fools alive, I *wis*,

“Silver’d o’er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

York says, he is not pleased that the King should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the King meant no harm. To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily adds, in a menancing tone,—*If I thought he did*;—but he instantly checks his threat with—*let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which, our author has elsewhere used. Thus in *Cariolanus*:

“An ’twere to give again—But ’tis no matter.”

So also Virgil:

“Quosego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.”

The author of the *Revisal* understood this passage in the same manner.

REMARKS.

199. *Be humbled to us.*] The first folio reads,

Be humble to us.

MALONE.

222. *To rive their dangerous artillery*] *Rive* their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and *split* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

227. —*due thee withal*;] To *due* is to *endue*, to deck, grace.

JOHNSON.

The old copy reads,—*dew thee withal*; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with

with in other poets: Shakspeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

“To *dew* the sovereign flow’r, and drown the weeds.”

Again, in the second part of *K. Henry VI.*

“——give me thy hand,

“That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.”

STEEVENS.

235. *He fables not*,——] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“She *fables not*, I feel that I do fear.”

It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“——good father *fable not* with him.”

STEEVENS.

241. ——*be then* in blood:] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle.

JOHNSON.

242. *Not rascal-like*,——] A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer.

JOHNSON.

244. ——*with heads of steel*,] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he supposes the lances to be their horns.

JOHNSON.

247. ——*dear deer of us*,——] The same quibble occurs in *K. Henry IV.* part i.

“Death hath not struck so fat a *deer* to-day,

“Though many a *deerer*.”

STEEVENS.

262. *And am I lowted*——] To *lout*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:

“Sometimes the hill *submits* itself a while

“In small descents,” &c.

STEEVENS.

A *lout*

A *lowt* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerset treats him like a hind. REMARKS.

296. ———*the vulture*———] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.

316. *ring'd about*———] Environed, encircled.

JOHNSON.

321. ———*in advantage ling'ring*,] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

JOHNSON.

323. ———*worthless emulation*.] In this line *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence.

JOHNSON.

355. ———*a feast of death*,] To a field where *death* will be *feasted* with slaughter.

JOHNSON.

365. ———*noble Talbot stood*.] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here.

JOHNSON.

370. ———*your regard*———] Your care of your own safety.

JOHNSON.

457. *And like me to the peasant boys of France*;] *To like one to the peasants* is, to compare, to level by comparison; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *And leave me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to

be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

463. *Triumphant death smear'd with captivity*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

470. *Tendering my ruin,——*] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c.

TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia :

“——*Tender* yourself more dearly.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* p. ii.

“ I *tender* so the safety of my liege.” MALONE.

478. *Thou antic death,——*] The fool, or antic of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

481. ——*winged through the lither sky*,] *Lither* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says :

“——He with broad sails

“ Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air.

JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*.

So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591 :

“——to breed numbness or *litherness*,”

Litherness is *limberness* or *yielding weakness*.

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600 :

"I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame."

Milton might have borrowed the expression from Spenser, or Gower, who uses it in the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis*:

"That unto him whiche the head is,

"The membres *buxom* shall bowe."

In the old service of matrimony the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom* therefore anciently signified obedient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense:

"—are so *buxome* to their shameless desires,"

&c.

STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 3. — *WHELP* of Talbot's, raging brood,] Thus the modern editions. I have restored the old reading. *Raging-wood* signifies *raging mad*.

STEEVENS.

4. — *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new.

JOHNSON.

9. ——— *of a giglot wench :*] *Giglot* is a wanton, or a strumpet. JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1599 :

“ Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,

“ That left her lord, prince Menelaus.”

STEEVENS.

10. ——— *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605 :

“ Meet, Don Andrea ! yes, in the *battle's bowels*.”

STEEVENS.

19. ——— *Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent ; to know.*

Who hath obtain'd———] Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory : therefore Sir T. Hanmer reads :

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent. JOHNSON.

41. *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of *Sultan Solymán the Magnificent*, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1592 ; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789.

GREY.

78. ——— *immanity*———] *i. e.* barbarity, savageness.

STEEVENS.

93. *What ! is my lord of Winchester install'd,*

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree !] This, (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act *Gloster* says :

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat;

and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

124. *That, nor in birth,—*] I would read, *for birth*. That is, thou shalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads, *neither*. STEEVENS.

150. —*ye charming spells and periapts;*] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls.* POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following story which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted: "A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him; his excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel*? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin."

MALONE.

154. —*monarch of the north.*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah

is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.* STEEVENS.

159. *Out of the powerful regions under earth,]* I believe Shakspeare wrote *legions.* WARBURTON.

190. *——fell, banning hag!]* To *ban* is to curse. So, in the *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ *I ban their souls to everlasting pains.*”

STEEVENS.

210. *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.]* This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle : which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

Thus, Tasso :

“ *Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla unriso*

“ *Negli umidi occhi tremulo——.*”

HENLEY.

215. *——disable not thyself;]* Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As You Like It*, act V. —“ If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled my judgment.*” STEEVENS.

232. *——a cooling card.]* So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ *I'll have a present cooling card for you.*”

237. *——a wooden thing.]* Is an *awkward business*, an *undertaking not likely to succeed.*

So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592 : “ *Would I were out*
of

of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck."

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600 :

" My master takes but *wooden* pains."

Again, in the *Knave of Spades*, &c. no date,

" To make an end of that same *wooden* phrase."

STEEVENS.

304. *Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;]* To
woo her little worth—may mean—to court her small share
of merit. But I would rather point the passage thus :

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord.

i. e, little dsserving to be the wife of such a prince.

MALONE.

339. *To send such peevish tokens——]* *Peevish*,
for childish.

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, act I. sc. vii: " He's
strange and *peevish*."

STEEVENS.

345. *Mad, natural* *graces——]* So, the old copy.
The modern editors have been content to read *her* *natural* *graces*. By the word *mad*, however, I believe
the poet only meant *wild*, or uncultivated. In the
former of these significations he appears to have used
it in *Othello——he she lov'd prov'd mad*. Which Dr.
Johnson has properly interpreted, We call a wild
girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*.

Mad, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is
used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and
wild.

STEEVENS.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts when
he wrote,

" And

“ And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”
In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,
mad is used in the same manner as in the text;

“ Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here ?”

MALONE.

353. —timeless—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy* :

“ Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death.”

STEEVENS.

355. *Decrepit miser* !] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568 :

“ But as for these *misers* within my father's tent.”

Again, in Lord Sterline's tragedy of *Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ Or think'st thou me of judgment too remiss,

“ A *miser* that in miserie remains,

“ The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from bliss,

“ Whom heav'n doth hate, and all the world disdains ?”

Again, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III. “ And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune, &c.”

Again, p. 951, among the last words of lord Cromwell : “ ———for if I should so doo, I were a very wretch and a *miser*.” Again, *ibid*. “ ———and so patiently suffered the stroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie *miser*, which ill-favourdlie performed the office.”

STEEVENS.

365. —that thou wilt be so obstacle !] A vulgar corruption

corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The same corruption may be met with in other writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

"An *obstacle* young thing it is."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

"Be not *obstacle*, old duke." STEEVENS.

370. ———my *noble birth*.

————'Tis true I gave a noble——] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, so e-
what far-fetched, which I have given in *Henry IV.*
of the *nobleman* and *Royal man*. JOHNSON.

397. No, *misconceived*!——] i. e. No, ye *miscon-*
ceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities. STEEVENS.

422. ———*Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!*] Ma-
chiavel being mentioned somewhat before his time,
this line is by some of the editors given to the players,
and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so
very deep an impression on the dramattick writers of
this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken
of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the
characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caraelacus*,

"———read *Machiavel*:

"Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell."

Again:

"———my brain

"Italianates my barren faculties

"To *Machiavelian* blackness——" STEEVENS.

437. ———*darkness and the gloomy shade of death*——]

The

The expression is scriptural : " Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

MALONE.

438. ———till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks,—] Perhaps Shakspeare intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air.

JOHNSON.

469. ———poison'd voice,] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense.

JOHNSON.

470. ———baleful enemies.] *Baleful* is sorrowful; I therefore rather imagine that we should read *baneful*, hurtful or mischievous.

JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" With *baleful* weeds, and precious juiced flowers."

STEEVENS.

482. ———with a coronet ;] *Coronet* is here used for a crown.

JOHNSON.

498. ———upon comparison ?] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer ?

JOHNSON.

500. ———accept the little thou usurp'st,

Of benefit———] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king.

JOHNSON

530. *So am I driven,—*] The simile is somewhat obscure: he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest.

JOHNSON.

554. *—at a triumph—*] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated.

JOHNSON.

579. *—by attorneyship;*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another.

JOHNSON.

583. *It most of all these reasons bindeth us,*] The word *it* is not in the old copy.

MALONE.

587. *Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss.*] The word *forth*, which is not in the first folio, was supplied I think unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary* was, I believe, used by the author as a quadrasyllable, as if it were written *conterary*; according to which pronunciation the meter is not defective:

Whereas the *conterary* bringeth bliss——

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables.

MALONE.

609. *As I am sick with working of my thoughts.*] So, in *King Henry V.*

“*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*”

The recurrence of the same expression in the plays indisputably written by Shakspeare, and in these *three parts of K. Henry VI.* is an additional proof that the latter were composed by him.

MALONE.

620. *If you do censure me, &c.*] To censure is here simply to judge. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* JOHNSON.

624. ———*ruminate my grief.*] Grief, in the first line, is taken generally for *pain or uneasiness*; in the second, specially for *sorrow.* JOHNSON.



Bell's Edition.

HENRY VI. PART II.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.

THEY ARE

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And revised from the last Editions.

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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF THE
SECOND PART OF
H E N R Y VI.

THIS and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster : and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign ; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign : so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years.

THEOBALD.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHREY, *Duke of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King.*

Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*

Duke of YORK, *pretending to the Crown.*

Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Duke of SOMERSET,

Duke of SUFFOLK,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of WARWICK,

Lord CLIFFORD, *of the King's Party.*

Lord SAY.

Lord SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*

Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Young STAFFORD, *his Brother.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

Young CLIFFORD, *Son to Lord Clifford.*

EDWARD PLANTAGENET,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET,

} *Sons to the Duke of York.*

VAUX, *a Sea Captain, and* WALTER WHITMORE, *Pirates.*

A Herald. HUME and SOUTHWEL, *two Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *an Astrologer.*

A Spirit, attending on JORDAN *the Witch.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*

JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK
the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and several others,
Rebels.

WOMEN.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry VI.*

Dame ELEANOR, *Wife to the Duke of Gloster.*

Mother JORDAN, *a Witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.



SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace. Flourish of Trumpets : then Hautboys. Enter King HENRY, Duke HUMPHREY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and BEAUFORT, on the one Side; the Queen, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suffolk.

As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alen-
çon,

A iij

Seven

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops—
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
 And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret :

I can express no kinder sign of love,
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness ! 20
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord ;

The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
 By day, by night ; waking, and in my dreams ;
 In courtly company, or at my beads—
 With you mine alder-lieft sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms ; such as my wit affords, 30
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish : but her grace in
 speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys ;
 Such

Such is the fulness of my heart's content,—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace, 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.* 49

Item, That the dutchies of Anjou and of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. *Item, It is further agreed between them—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.* 61

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquess,
kneel down;

We

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
 And gird thee with the sword.—
 Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
 From being regent in the parts of France,
 'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
 Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buck-
 ingham,
 Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done, 70
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
 To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
 Did he so often lodge in open field,
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat, 80
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 To keep by policy what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro 90

How

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
Or hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown; 100
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style 110
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 120
Deliver'd

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu !

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages. 130

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her !
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot ;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you. 140
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Farewel, my lords ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood, 150
And

And heir apparent to the English crown;
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellencel 160
 With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?—
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together—with the duke of Suffolk—
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
 pride, 171

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside;
 If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
 Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exit BUCK. and SOM.

Sol.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment, 180
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all—
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
 Warwick my son, the comfort of my age ! 189
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline ;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the peo-
 ple :—
 Join we together, for the public good ;
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 200
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[*Aside.*

Sal.

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last: 210
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exit WAR. and SAL.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. 220
Pirates may make cheap pennyworth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:

While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold. 230
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-
land,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

B

Anjou

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French;
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France.
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts, 239
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, 'till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;

'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, 250
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Duke of GLOSTER's House. Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and his Wife ELEANOR.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? 260

Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:

And, having both together heav'd it up, 271
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;

And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 279

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad,
Bij *Elean.*

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in
court,

Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,

And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument, 290

That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,

Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor! 300

Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 310
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind. 320
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not,
man,

We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-
vice, 330

B i i j

Your

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised—to shew your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions,

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from St. Alban's we do make return, 341

We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit ELEANOR.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 350

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,

And

And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near 360
 To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the dutchess' wreck;
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's Man, being one.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him! 370

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. For my lord protector ! are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ? 380

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that is some wrong, indeed. What's your's ? what's here ? [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave ?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township. 389

Peter. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou ? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown ?

Peter. That my mistress was ? No, forsooth : my master said, That he was ; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there ?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. 400

[*Exit PETER, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petitions.*]

Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall king Henry be a pupil still, 410
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads: 420
His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England; so will I 430
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we
Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife. 440
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands, 450
'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords, 459
'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

To them enter King HENRY, Duke HUMPHREY, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the Dutchess of GLOSTER.

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France, Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, Let York be regent, I will yield to him. 470

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no, Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buch. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself 480 To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;

And,

And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou ?)
The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck :
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas ;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm 490
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France—
If they were known, as the suspect is great— 500
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*
Give me my fan : What, minion ! can you not ?

[*Gives the Dutchess a Box on the Ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam ; Was it you ?

Elean. Was't I ? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman :
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 'twas against her
will.

Elean.

Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. 511

[*Exit* ELEANOR.]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :
She's tickled now : her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Re-enter Duke HUMPHREY.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of common-wealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law : 520
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand :—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride : 530
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris was besieg'd famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace ? 540

Enter HORNER the Armourer, and his Man PETER,
guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me :
What are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words ? 550

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter : God is my witness, I
am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords [*holding up*
his Hands], he did speak them to me in the garret
one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's
armour.

York.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech :—
I do beseech your royal majesty, 560
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge. 570
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion?
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly. 580

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of a man prevaieth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day

Q i j Of

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Duke HUMPHREY's Garden. Enter Mother JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWEL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises. 590

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us, [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work. 600

Enter ELEANOR, above.

Elean. Well said, my masters; and welcome, all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs
howl,

When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge. 610

[Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the Circle;
BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWEL reads, Conjuro
te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the
Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and
done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become?
[Reading out of a Paper.

Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall de-
pose;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, they write the Answer.

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk? 620

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter the Duke of YORK, and the Duke of BUCKING-
HAM, with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.—

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.— 630
What, madam, are you there? the king and com-
mon-weal

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you
this? [*Shewing her the Papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.— 640

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;
Away! [*Exeunt Guards with JOURD. SOUTH. &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well:

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here? [*Reads.*

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out live, and die a violent death.*

Why,

Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest :

650

Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?

By Water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?

Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords :

These oracles are hardily attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's ;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady : 661

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.

Who's within there, ho !

Enter a Serving-Man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Alban's. Enter King HENRY, Queen, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hallowing.

Queen Margaret.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon
made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ; 10
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal ; How think you by
that ?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart ; 20
Pernicious

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so
peremptory?

Tantane animis caelestibus ira?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord; 30
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Henry. I prythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on these too too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere
come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for
the matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an
if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords?

45
Car.

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand
sword. [Aside to GLOSTER.

Glo. True, uncle.

Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove? 50
Cardinal I am with you. [Aside.

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [Aside.

Car. [Aside.] *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high; so do your sto-
machs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony? 60
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing
souls

Gives

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair! 70

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren, bearing SIMPCOX between two in a Chair, SIMPCOX's Wife following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the
king,

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace. 80

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst
have better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your
grace.

K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been
great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

96

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
By good saint Alban; who said—*Saunder, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

100

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well; that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

110

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,
and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak
of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my
gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why, then, thou know'st what colour
jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. 120

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
master. 130

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

D

My

My lord, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
Would you not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

140

Glo. My masters of saint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now,
sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping,
leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

151

Enter a Beadle, with Whips.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same
stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able
to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over
the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow
and cry, A Miracle!*]

K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so
long?

Queen.

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave ; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. 162

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle, with the Woman, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True ; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent— 171

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ring-leader and head of all this rout—

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :

Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of king Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy council, 180

As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;

Dij 'Tis

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquis'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones; 190

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility, 200
I banish her, my bed, and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:

To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-
vails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Duke of York's Garden. Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick, 210

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales; 220

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:

The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;

The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king;

'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, 230

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came,

And him to Pomfret ; where, as both you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by
right ;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 240
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose
line

I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.

Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:

Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king, 250
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.

But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,

My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom : she then was heir

To

To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence: 260
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than
this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first, 270
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
king

'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence, 280
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:

'Tis

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind
at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of War-
wick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself— 290
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Hall of Justice. Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
and SALISBURY; the Dutchess, Mother JOURDAIN,
SOUTHWEL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under
Guard.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again :

[*To the other Prisoners.*]

From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,

And

And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—

You, madam, for you are more nobly born, 301

Despoiled of your honour in your life,

Shall, after three days open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt ELEANOR, and the others, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age 310

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;

Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster : ere thou go,

Give up thy staff ; Henry will to himself

Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet :

And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years 320

Should be to be protected like a child——

God and king Henry govern England's realm :

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff :

As willingly do I the same resign,

As

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! 330

[Exit GLOSTER.]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught—There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat; 340
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-
fore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

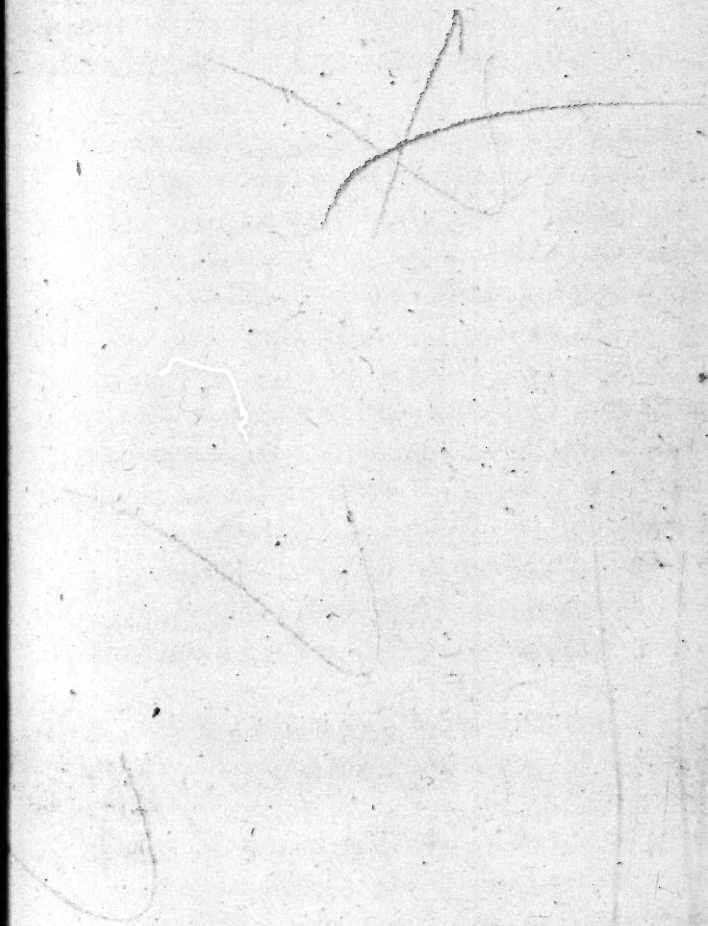
K. Henry. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
fit;

Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords. 350

Enter

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Act 2.

KING HENRY VI. Pt 2nd

Scene 3.



M. Brown del.

Thornthwaite sculp.

MR. BADDELEY in PETER.

*I have taken my last draught in
this world.*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand April 28th 1786.

Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand-Bag fastened to it; and at the other Door enters his Man, with a Drum and Sand-Bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid. 361

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already. 371

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—

Sirrah,

Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart. 384

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and PETER strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 390

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Street. Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud ;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds 400

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—

Sirs, what's o' clock ?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess :

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face, 410

With envious looks still laughing at thy shame ;

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft ! I think, she comes ; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess in a white Sheet, her Feet bare, and a Taper burning in her Hand, with Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives ; let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !

E

See,

See, how the giddy multitude do point, 420
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back; 430
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell. 440
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, 'till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For

For Suffolk—he that can do all in all 450
 With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all—
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
 I must offend, before I be attainted :
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power, 460
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before ! 471
 This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission
 stays :

E i j

And

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your
grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray 480
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exit GLOSTER.

Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with
thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence; 490
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame. 500

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come,

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet:

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury. Enter King HENRY, Queen, Cardinal, SUFFOLK, YORK, and BUCKINGHAM, &c. to the Parliament.

King Henry.

I MUSE, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself;
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,

Eiij

He

He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin ;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
First, note, that he is near you in descent ;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts ;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him. 30
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lords of Suffolk—Buckingham—and York—
Reprove my allegation, if you can ; 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.

The

The dutchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent
 (As next the king, he was successive heir),
 And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest :
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
 Levy great sums of money through the realm,
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut ! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Henry. My lords, at once ; The care you have
 of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person 70
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :

The

The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?

Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all 80

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news
from France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's
will be done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of
France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away : 90

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !

Pardon,

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :

Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they, that think it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night— 110

Ay, night by night—in studying good for England !

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial day !

No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise 121
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment : 130
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion ; 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life ;

And,

And, if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness : 150
 But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life :— 160
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
 And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy :—
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltless life :
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well affected— 170
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
 If those, that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd
 As if she had suborned some to swear 180
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
 Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all
 day:—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him
 sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body: 190
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit guarded.*]

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
 best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the par-
 liament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
 with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
 My body round engirt with misery; 200
 For what's more miserable than discontent?—

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
 That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
 That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
 Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good;
 So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
 Say—*Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
 hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow shares relenting passengers;
 Or as the snake, roll'd on a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
 That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent. 230

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy ;
But yet we want a colour for his death :
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :
The king will labour still to save his life ;
The commons haply rise to save his life ; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his
death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suf-
folk—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of
death. 251

Suf. Madam, 'tis true : And wer't not madness
then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.

No ;

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
 As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege. 260
 And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
 But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue—

Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe—
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of
 Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom. 281

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
 To signify—that rebels there are up,

Fij

And

And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 Before the wound do grow incurable ;
 For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop !
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither : 290
 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.——

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
 Had been the regent there instead of me,
 He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
 By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
 Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin : 300
 Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging
 fire,
 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :——
 No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought ? nay, then a
 shame take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest
 shame !

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
 The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms, 310
 And

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

op1

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

290

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

300

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

ing

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York. 330

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

n a

nest

.

10

nd

And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

F i i j

Faster

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
thought ;

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :

I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell :

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage 351

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns ;

And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :

And,

And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
 Caper upright like to a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies. 370
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
 By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd: 381
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter two or three, running
 over the Stage, from the Murder of Duke HUM-
 PHREY.*

First M. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Second

Second M. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First M. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First M. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. 390

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

First M. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, the Queen, Cardinal, SOMERSET, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 'tis published. 400

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,

Than from true evidence of good esteem,

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Pray

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.——

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou? 410

Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night, The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—Oh, Henry, open thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heavenly God! 420

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord!

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can

Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ; 430
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—
Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?
Although the duke was enemy to him, 441
Yet he most christian-like, laments his death :
And for myself—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me ?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends ; 450
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched
man !

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? 460
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
 Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest, 470
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on
 shore
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness: 480
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm :
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck— 490
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
 And threw it towards thy land ; the sea receiv'd it ;
 And so, I wish'd thy body might my heart ;
 And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did, 500
 When he to madding Dido, would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy ?
 Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like
 him ?
 Ay me, I can no more ! Die, Margaret !
 For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and
 many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
 By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 That want their leader, scatter up and down, 510
 And

And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return.

[*WARWICK goes in.*]

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*A Bed, with GLOSTER'S Body, put forth.*]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid 540
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again. 551
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
gling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd. 560
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy. 369

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's
your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons? 380

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit Cardinal.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk
dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times. 590

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I
say it;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to you royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee, 601
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, faulse murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men! 610

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this? 620

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace,

And torture him with grievous lingering death. 631

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;

And mere instinct of love, and loyalty—

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking—
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 They say, in care of your most royal person,
 That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ; 641
 Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ; 650
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [Within.] An answer from the king, my
 lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are :
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador, 660
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Within. An answer from the king, or we will all
 break in.

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.

I thank

I thank them for their tender loving care :
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am— 670
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of, 680
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me ;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but SUFFOLK, and the Queen.]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with
you !

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. 690

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint; 701

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings!

Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss; 710

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st
thyself;

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an over-charged gun—recoil,

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L. H. A. B. P. C. B. C.



HENRY VI. p^t II.

*Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull tears;*

Hamilton del.

J. De Longueil grav.

Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand London Mar^h 30 1786.

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top, 720
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease! Give me
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his Hand.*]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for
thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief; 730

'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself;

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

Oh, go not yet?—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee! 740

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world;
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st. 750

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
 pry'thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soul; 760
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
 Theirs

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is
coming ; 770

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live :

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips :

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth : 780

So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest ;

From thee to die, were torture more than death :

Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away ! though parting be a fretful cor-

rosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk : Let me hear from thee ;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe, 790

I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;

This

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III.

The Cardinal's Bed-Chamber. Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others, to the Cardinal in Bed.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, 800

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then shew me where he is; 810

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

Oh,

Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong seige unto this wretch's soul, 820
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close; 830
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Coast of Kent. Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance
goes off. Enter Captain WHITMORE, and other Pi-
rates, with SUFFOLK, and other Prisoners.*

Captain.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

H

Clip

Oh,

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air,
 Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
 The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

— [Pointing to **SUFFOLK**.]

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes your's.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villain's throats;—for die you shall;

Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

— [To **SUFFOLK**.]
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my Georgey I am a gentleman;

Rate

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.— go

Whit. And so am I; my name is—Walter Whit-

more.

How now? why start'st thou? what doth death af-

fright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot; 40

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster, 51

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride :
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn
swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art
thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's
side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing the treasure of the realm :

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the
ground ;

And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's
death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
 The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 Disdain to call us lord; and Piccardy
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts, 90
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all—
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain—
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.* 100
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate. 109
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible, that I should die

Hij

By

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop? 120

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear :— 130
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey

Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit WALTER WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK.]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart :—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exit Captain, with all but the first Gentleman.]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[Exit WHITMORE.]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king :
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Part of Kent. Enter GEORGE BEVIS, and
JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a lath ; they have been up these two days. 150

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the Clothier means to
dress the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new
nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I
say, it was never merry world in England, since gen-
tlemen came up.

Bevis.

Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons. 161

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; And yet it is said—Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham. 171

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the Butcher—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver:—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite Numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father— 181

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

[*Aside.*

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with

with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.

—Command silence. *[There shall be a pause.]*

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer. *[Aside.]*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. *[Aside.]*

Cade. My wife descended of the Ladies—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. *[Aside.]*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home. *[Aside.]*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. *[Aside.]*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. *[Aside.]*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. *[Aside.]*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. *[Aside.]*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. *[Aside.]*

Cade.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be) — 217

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. 224

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt. 233

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow!

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is a'

Mich. No.

Cade.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; Rise up Sir John Mortimer, Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; Rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows—lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;— 273
The king is merciful, if you revolt;

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not; It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown. 280

Staf. Villain, thy father was a Plasterer; And thou thyself, a Shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

Cade.

The

The elder of them; being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can?

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; there-
fore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

R. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]
Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his
father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys
went to span-counter for French crowns—I am con-
tent he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's
head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England
maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis-
sance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that
lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made
it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak
French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he

that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no? 322

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and childrens' sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:— 330 And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, with their Train.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field. The Parties fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain. Re-enter CADE, and the Rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the Butcher of Ashford?

Dick.

Dick. Here, sir.

342

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, 'till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

354

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Black-Heath. Enter King HENRY with a Supplication, and Queen MARGARET with SUFFOLK's Head; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord SAY.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate; 360

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

I i j

Here

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels'
supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short, 370
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, 'barbarous villains! hath this lovely
face

Sho'd, like a wandering planet, over me;

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, madam?

Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death? 380

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now! what news? why com'st thou
in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

Here

Descended

Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
 And calls your grace usurper, openly,
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
 His army is a ragged multitude
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
 They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
 Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
 These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee,
 Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
 The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
 And therefore in this city will I stay,
 And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-Bridge;
 The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:
 The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
 Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
 To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

I iij

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will
succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my lord; trust not to Kentish
rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

London. Enter Lord SCALES, and others, on the Walls
of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain? 419

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand
them: The lord-mayor craves aid of your honour from
the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you into Smithfield, gather head,

And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cannon-Street. Enter JACK CADE, and the Rest. He strikes his Staff on London-Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield. 442

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Smithfield. Alarum. Enter JACK CADE with his Company. They fight with the King's Forces, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word. 451

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England. 461

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us

pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! I now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade.

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloke, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You men of Kent—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him; away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king:

And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven—

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This

This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings,
For your behoof——

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the
field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I
struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come be-
hind folks!

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your
good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make
'em red again. 539

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll
be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand
steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and be-
head him. 549

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let

O, let me live!

548

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but
I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so
well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar
under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
take him away, I say, and strike off his head pre-
sently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir
James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring
them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your
prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

560

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head
on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall
not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her
maiden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of me
in capite; and we charge and command, that their
wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,
and take up commodities upon our bills?

570

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one
another;

another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—
Away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Southwark. Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-Street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—

[A Parley sounded.]

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace. 590

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;

K

Or

Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king! 599

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-Hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all! 613

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. 621
Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,

The

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast: 631
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to
surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here
is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have
through the very midst of you! and heavens and ho-
nour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but
only my followers' base and ignominious treasons,
makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exeunt some of them.
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth-Castle. Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne, 651

And could command no more content than I ?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

But I was made a king, at nine months old :

Was never subject long'd to be a king,

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty !

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd ?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter below, Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ; 660

And humbly thus with halters on their necks

Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !—

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And

And shew'd how well you love your prince and
country :

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all, 670
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland :
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee 679
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd ;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate :
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
And now is York in arms, to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him ;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 690

Som. My lord,

K i i j

I'll

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. 699

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

A Garden in Kent. Enter JACK CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to

drink in ; and now the word sallet must serve me to
feed on.

715

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining ;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to sieze me
for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
crowns of the king for carrying my head to him ; but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow
my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part. 729

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not ; Why then should I betray thee ?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever
was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well :
I have eat no meat these five days ; yet, come thou and
thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as
a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands, 741

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser :
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon ;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 750
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or
cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins of beef
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my
knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails. 758

[*Here they fight.*
O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me :
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
Wither, garden ; and be henceforth a burying-place
to all that do dwell in this house, because the uncon-
quer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor ?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead :

Ne'er

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 770

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory;
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, 780
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Fields near St. Alban's. Enter YORK, attended, with
Drum and Colours.*

YORK, at a Distance from his Followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To

To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul; 20
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee
well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But

But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.— 30
 O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand, 40
 The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my pow-
 ers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son—nay, all my sons—
 As pledges of my fealty and love, 50
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
 We twain will go into his highness' tent. [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter King HENRY, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring ? 60

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade ?—Great God, how
just art thou !—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him.

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy
degree ?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise up
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

L

And

And with the same to act controlling laws,
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown;
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.— 111
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it
good.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their
bail.

Clif.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*

York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news
with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:— 130

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons
shall. 140

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK and SALIS-
BURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place. 150

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves. 160

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
bow?—

Old Salisbury—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm
himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove
true.

War. You were best go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm),
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell these traitors, and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst
tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at Saint Alban's. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air— 220
 Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
 But match to match I have encounter'd him,
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
 chace, 230
 For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
 fight'st.—
 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit WARWICK.]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
 pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword, 240
 As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[*Fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [Dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heavens do make their minister, 250
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
 He, that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead Father.*

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds 260
 To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;
 No more will I their babes : tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims, 270
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity :
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;

[*Taking up the Body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders :
 But then Æneas bare a living load, 280
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and SOMERSET, to
fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there ;—

[*SOMERSET is killed.*]

For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
 The Castle in saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Fight.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly: 290

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly; 301
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, 310
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body. 320
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them; 330
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

THE END.



V.
30
ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library. STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

THE VARIOUS CONDITIONS

THE VARIOUS CONDITIONS

KING HENRY VIII

P A R T I I

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

SIC ITUR AD ASTRUM

Printed by Iohn Bland, Printer to the Kings Majesty, at the North Star in St. Dunstons Church-yard, London.
MDCCLXXII.



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
KING HENRY VI.
PART II.

SECOND PART, &c.] This and the third part were first written under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the author. POPE.

It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that this play, &c. was entered by Tho. Millington, March 12, 1593. It was altered by Crowne, and acted in the year 1681. STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 1. *AS by your high, &c.*] Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 66, year 23, init. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former
A ij mer

mer ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the First Part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the Second and Third Parts were not written without dependance on the First, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history.

JOHNSON.

3. *As procurator to your excellence, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 625. "The marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of Saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c.

STEEVENS.

25. *The mutual conference—*] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination.

JOHNSON.

28. *—alder-lievest—*] Is a corruption of the German word *alder-liebste*, beloved above all things.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtezan:

"O mine *alder lievest* love."

Again,

"—pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-lievest* affection."

Again, in Gascoigne:

"—and to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite."

STEEVENS.

104. *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech

speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

JOHNSON.

143. — *Bickerings*.] To *bicker* is to *shirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. 1. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chase*,

“ Bomen *bickarte* upon the bent,

“ With their browd aras cleare.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song IX.

“ From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains
back.”

Again, in the *Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589:

“ — sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave
them the foyle.” Again, in Holinshed, p. 537:

“ At another *bickering* also it chanced that the Eng-
lishmen had the upper hand.” Again, p. 572: “ At
first there was a sharp *bickering* betwixt them, but
in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen.”

Levi pugna congregior, is the expression by which Bar-
rett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580, explains
the verb to *bicker*.

STEEVENS.

215. — on a tickle point, —] *Ticlike* is very
frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporaneous with
Shakspeare. So Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*,
1562:

“ Time is *tickell*, we may matche time in this,

“ For we be even as *tickell* as time is.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ Now stands our fortune on a *tickle point*.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“The rest by turning of my tickle wheel.”

STEEVENS.

234. ——— *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager.

STEEVENS.

316. Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“But see *whereas* Lucretius is return'd.

“Welcome, brave Roman!”

The word is several times used in this piece, as well as in some others; and always with the same sense.

Again, in the 51st sonnet of Lord *Sterline*, 1604:

“I dream'd the nymph, that o'er my fancy reigns,

“Came to a part *whereas* I paus'd alone.”

Again, in the *Tryal of Treasure*, 1567:

“*Whereas* she is resident, I must needs be.”

Again, in *Daniel's Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:

“That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands,

“To view my misery,” &c.

STEEVENS.

340. Elean. *It is enough*, &c.] This speech stands thus in the old quarto:

“Elean. Thanks, good sir John,

“Some two days hence I guess will fit our time;

“Then see that they be here.

“For now the king is riding to St. Alban's,

“And all the dukes and earls along with him.

“When

“ When they be gone, then safely may they come,

“ And on the backside of mine orchard here

“ There cast their spells in silence of the night,

“ And so resolve us of the thing we wish :—

“ Till when, drink that for my sake, and farewell.”

STEEVENS.

358. — *A crafty knave does need no broker ;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection*.

STEEVENS.

365. *Sort how it will,*—] Let the issue be what it will.

JOHNSON.

368. — *in the quill.*] This may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the *quill*, *i. e.* in the reigning mode of taste.

TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print* was used to express the same circumstance of exactness.

“ All this,” (declares one of the quibbling servants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) “ I saw *in print*, for in print I found it.”

STEEVENS.

Deliver our supplications in quill.] This may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in the

French

French is a nine-pin ; and, in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls* ; which word is used in the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. ix. *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set up-right.

HAWKINS.

395. *That my mistress was ?*—] Rather, that my master was ?

TYRWHITT.

452. —lim'd a bush for her ;] So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ *Lime* your twigs to catch this weary bird.”

Again, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

“ A crimson bush that ever *limes* the soul.”

STEEVENS.

461. ———*this late complaint*] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king.

JOHNSON.

468. ———*be deny'd*——] The folio reads *denay'd*. I have noted the variation only to observe, that the one word is frequently used for the other among the old writers.

STEEVENS.

481. ———*his censure* :——] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion.

JOHNSON.

506. *I'd set my ten commandments in your face.*] So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

“ —your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back.”

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638 :

“ I

"I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments*."

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"Now ten times I beseech him that he sits,

"Thy wives *x com.* may serche thy five wits."

STEEVENS.

511. *Exit Eleanor.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

"King. Believe me, love, that thou wert much to blame.

"I would not for a thousand pound in gold,

"My noble uncle had been here in place.

"See, where he comes! I am glad he met her not."

STEEVENS.

554. *By these ten bones, &c.*] We have just heard a dutchess threaten to set her *ten commandments* in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

It occurs likewise more than once in the morality of *Hyske Scornor*. Again, in *Monfieur Thomas*, 1637:

"By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworne."

STEEVENS.

577. K. Henry. *Then be it so, &c.*] These two lines I have inserted from the old quarto; and, as I think,

think, very necessarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion : and the duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it.

THEOBALD.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus :

———over the French ;

And to defend our right 'gainst foreign foes,

And so do good unto the realm of France.

Make haste, my lord ; 'tis time that you were gone:

The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,

And take my leave, to post with speed to France.

[*Exit Somerset.*

King. Come, uncle Gloster ; now let's have our horse,

For we will to St. Albans presently.

Madam, your hawk they say is swift of flight,

And we will try how she will fly to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

STEEVENS.

582. ——a man——] The words are not in the undated quarto. The first folio reads—"the spight of man." The second—"the spight of my man."

MALONE.

589. *Enter, &c.*] The quarto reads :

Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer, and Margery Jourdain a witch.

Eleanor. Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here,

Wherein

Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask :
 And I will stand upon this tower here,
 And hear the spirit what it says to you ;
 And to my questions write the answers down.

[*She goes up to the tower.*

STEEVENS.

604. *Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.*] *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakspeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast of night* is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, *the silence of the night*. The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbroke makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,

Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
 Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
 The spirit Ascalon to come to me ;
 To pierce the bowels of this central earth,
 And hither come in twinkling of an eye !
 Ascalon, ascend ! ascend !

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, They have

—— cast their spells in *silence of the night*.

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the same expression :

“ Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly
 “ Her strange entunes in *sylence of the nyght* ?”

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"Through still *silence of the night*,

"Guided by the glow-worm's light."

STEEVENS.

606. —ban-dogs *howl*,] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrifick beings whose office it was to *make night hideous*, like those mentioned in the first book and eighth satire of *Horace* :

"——serpentes, atque videres

"*Infernas errare canes.*" STEEVENS.

616. —that I had said and done!] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both *Lucan* and *Statius*. STEEVENS.

625. *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in some of our old chronicles, where, I think, it ran thus :

"Safer shall he be on sand,

"*Than where castles mounted stand.*"

At present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

628. *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dismissal of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following :

"Then down, I say, unto the damned pool

"Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

"Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smoaks,

"The road of *Dytas*, by the river *Styx* ;

"There howle and burn for ever in those flames :——

"Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas

Dytas is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Thomas Drant's Translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

“ And by that meanes made manye soules lord
Ditis hall to seeke.” STEEVENS.

643. *Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.*] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

658. *These oracles are hardly attain'd,*
And hardly understood.] Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the parties and their papers, says, he'll see the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text:

Those oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.

i. e. a great risque and hazard is run to obtain them and yet, after these *hardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood.

THEOBALD.

ACT II.

Line 1. — *FOR flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

3. — *the wind was very high;*

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

— *old Joan had not gone out,* i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck*, and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Hawkinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work

work was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Alban's, (where Shakspeare has fixed the present scene), and was first prynted at Westmestre by Wynken de Worde, 1496.

STEEVENS.

11. ———to be aloft,] Perhaps alluding to the adage:

“ High-flying hawks are fit for princes.”

See Ray's *Collection*.

STEEVENS.

20. *Beat*, &c.] To bait or beat (*bathe*) is a term in falconry.

JOHNSON.

To *bathe*, and to *beat*, or *bate*, are distinct terms in this diversion. To *bathe* a hawk was to wash his plumage. To *beat*, or *bate*, was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown* is equivalent to an expression which is still used—to *hammer*, *i. e.* to work in the mind. Shakspeare employs it in another play:

“ Wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?”

So, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

“ With him whose restless thoughts do *beat* on thee.”

Again, in Doctor *Dodypoll*, 1600:

“ Since my mind *beats on it* mightily.”

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

“ I feel within my cogitations *beating*.”

STEEVENS.

To *beat* or *bate*, expresses that hovering flutter of a hawk, immediately before it pounces its prey.

HENLEY.

48. ———Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle,

B ij

Are

Are ye advis'd—the east side of the grove.

Cardinal, I am with you.] This is the whole speech placed to Gloster, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvertency. It is the cardinal who first appoints the east side of the grove: and how finely does it express rancour and impetuosity, for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right.

THEOBALD.

The *two-handed sword* is mentioned by Holinshed, p. 833: “—And he that touched the tawnie shield should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword*.” STEEVENS.

55. ——— *my fence shall fail.]* *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“Despight his nice *fence*, and his active practice.” STEEVENS.

94. ——— *who said,—Saunder, &c.]* The former copies:

——— *who said, Simon, come:*

Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Why *Simon*? The chronicles that take notice of Gloster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who asserted himself to be cured of blindness, was called *Saunder Simpcox*—*Simon* was therefore a corruption.

THEOBALD.

It would seem better to read *Simpcox*; for which *Sim.* has in all probability been put by contraction in the player's MS.

REMARKS.

171. — *lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*.

STEEVENS.

183. *Your Lady is forth-coming*—] That is, Your lady is in custody.

JOHNSON.

248. *This Edmund, &c.*] In act II. scene 5, of the last play, *York*, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter, in the *First part of King Henry IV.*

REMARKS.

313. *Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have; sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

JOHNSON.

322. *God and King Henry govern England's realm:*] The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of the scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.*

JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene of this play :

“ And you yourself shall steer the happy *helm*.”

STEEVENS.

335. *This staff of honour raught*—] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*.

STEEVENS.

339. *Lords, let him go.*—] *i. e.* Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.

STEEVENS.

348. — *worse-bested,*] In a worse plight.

JOHNSON.

350. ————*with a sand-bag fastened to it.*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines :

“ Engag'd with money-bags, as bold

“ As men with *sand-bags* did of old.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

354. ————*a cup of charneco.*] This was the name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: “ Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd cando, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick spirited liquor.”

WARBURTON.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness*, printed in 1596, it is said, that “ the only medicine for the flegm is three cups of *charneco* fasting.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“ Where no old *charneco* is, nor no anchovies.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, 2d Part :

“ Imprimis,

"Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter sameene, a pottle of *charneco*, and a pottle of Ziattica."

Again, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

"Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me, canary, or *charneco*." STEEVENS.

383. —as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart*.] I have added this from the old quarto.

WARBURTON.

Ascapart,—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

"Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw

"Charing-cross for a bar," &c. JOHNSON.

The figure of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

385. —*this knave's tongue begins to double*.] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.

"—When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant, he lived not long," &c. STEEVENS.

394. *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt*.] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem*

Johannem Hannesly, & Robertum Kattenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus. From whence, says the historian, "*magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*" A Murimuth, ad ann. 1380, p. 149. BOWLE.

401. *Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:]* Thus, in Sackville's Induction.

"*The wrathful winter proching on a-pace.*"

REED.

402. ——— *as seasons fleet.] To fleet is to change.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"———now the *fleeting* moon

"No planet is of mine."

STEEVENS.

407. *Uneath*——] *i. e.* Scarcely.

POPE.

So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"*Uneathes* we came from him certain,

"That he ne had us all slain."

Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in *Spenser's Faery Queene*, B. IV. c. 6:

"More *eath* was new impression to receive."

Uneath is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*.

STEEVENS.

411. *With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;]* Still, which is not in the elder copies, was added in the second folio.

MALONE.

430. *Mail'd up in shame.*——] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance.

JOHNSON.

461. ——— *any scathe,]* *Scathe* is harm, or mischief.

chief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word.

STEEVENS.

466. *Thy greatest help is quiet,*—] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the dutchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON.

481. ———*the world may laugh*——] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me.

JOHNSON.

509. ———*I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers.

ACT III.

Line 23. *ME seemeth*——] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place.

JOHNSON.

44. ———*your grace's tale,*] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First.

JOHNSON.

48. *Yet, by reputing of his high descent*] Thus the old

old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputing of his high descent, is valuing himself upon it*. The same word occurs in the 5th act :

“ And in my conscience do *repute* his grace.” &c.

STEEVENS.

87. *Cold news for me ; &c.*] These two lines *York* had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

91. —*this gear*—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565 :

“ Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,

“ Nor your sinful acts corrected ?” STEEVENS.

98. *Well, Suffolk, yet*—] *Yet* was added in the second folio. MALONE.

133. —*these faults are easy*,—] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author.

JOHNSON.

Easy for easily.

REMARKS.

140. —*all suspicion ;*] The folio reads—*all suspense*.

Perhaps the author wrote—*suspect*. So, in a following scene :

“ If my *suspect* be false, forgive me, God !”

STEEVENS.

164. —*liefest*—] Is *dearest*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. II. c. 1.

“ —Madam, my *lief*,

“ For

"For God's dear love," &c.

Again, c. ii.

"——Fly, oh my *liefest* lord." STEEVENS.

210. *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,]

It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

223. *Free lords, &c.]* By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live.

WARBURTON.

245. *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.]*

York had more reason, because duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So act III. sc. v.

"For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

"And Henry put apart the next for me." STEEVENS.

See Mr. Fenn's Observations on the duke of Suffolk's death, in the collection of the *Paston Letters*. Vol. I. p. 48. HENLEY.

256. *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before

Before his chaps he stain'd with crimson blood ;

As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.] The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the Fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them ; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any treason was broken out.

JOHNSON.

264. — *for that is good deceit*

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.]

Mates him, means *confounds* him ; from *amator* or *mater*, French.

REMARKS.

272. — *I will be his priest.]* I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see.

JOHNSON.

275. — *and censure well the deed,]* That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good.

JOHNSON.

281. *It skills not—]* It is of no importance.

JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624: " I will describe to you one or other of them, for it skilleth not greatly which." MALONE.

354. — *mad bred flaw.]* *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.

JOHNSON.

365. to] Added by some modern editors. MALONE.

—*a wild Morisco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance.

JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos*.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607 :

“Your wit skips a *Morisco*.”

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: “—*faciem plerumque inficiunt fulgine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse.*”

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—“For two dossin of *Morres* bells.” As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the first part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

STEEVENS.

383. *Scene II,*] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition ;

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and

C

smothering

smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.

Suff. How now, sirs ! what, have you dispatch'd him ?

One. Aye, my lord ; he's dead, I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the cloaths laid smooth about still,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he dide of his own accord.

2. All things is handsome, now my lord.

Suff. Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,

And you shall have your firm reward anon.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

STEEVENS.

409. *I thank thee &c.*] In former editions :

I thank thee Nell, these words content me much :

This is king Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason why he should forget his own wife's name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the change of a single letter sets all right. I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus :

I thank thee. Well, these words content me much.

THEOBALD.

424. —right now—] Just now, even now.

JOHNSON.

436. —Come, Basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :

So, in *Albion's England*, B. 1. c. 3.

“ —As Æsculap an herdsman did espie

“ That

"That did witheasy fight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,

"Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with
the eye." REED.

457. *Be woe for me,——*] That is, Let not woe be
to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

460. *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion, which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalm* lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

"A serpent, which that aspidis

"Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,

"That he the stone noblest of all,

"The whiche that men carbuncle call,

"Bereth in his heed above on hight ;

"For whiche whan that a man by slight

"(The stone to wyne, and him to dante)

"With his carecte him wold enchante,

"Anone as he perceiveth that,

"*He lyeth downe his one eare all plat*

"*Unto the grounde, and halt it fast :*

"*And eke that other eare als faste*

"*He stoppeth with his taille so sore*

"*That he the wordes, lassé nor more,*

"*Of his enchantment ne hereth :*

"And in his wise himselfe he skiereth,

"So that he hath the wordes wayved,

"And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida* ?

" Have ears more *deaf* than adders, to the voice

" Of any true decision."

STEEVENS.

467. ———*awkward wind*——] Thus the old copy.
The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

481. *The splitting rocks, &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom.

STEEVENS.

484. *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy* by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" —————let not my sins

" *Perish* your noble youth."

STEEVENS.

500. *To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold*

His father's act commenc'd in burning Troy ?]

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction ; but it was Æneas himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Ascanius sit and *watch* her ? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly caressed him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumstance the poet certainly alludes ; and, unless he had wrote, as I have restored to the text,

To sit and witch me,———

why should the queen immediately draw this inference,

Am

Am I not witch'd like her ?

THEOBALD.

515. ————*not Henry :*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

536. *For seeing him I see my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus :

For seeing him, I see my death in life.

That is, Seeing him, I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line :

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. *That is to see how deep my grave is made.* JOHNSON.

———*I see my life in death.*] Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand——*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

545. *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,*

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,]

I cannot but stop a moment to observe, that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"——damned spirits all

"That in cross ways and floods have burial."

STEEVENS.

617. *Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;]* Perhaps our author had Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* in his thoughts :

"Come, Moor, I am *arm'd* with more than complete steel,

"The *justice* of my quarrel." MALONE.

647. *The mortal worm*—] Serpents in general were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says, when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

"How now, proud *worms*? how tastes yon princes' blood?" STEEVENS.

694. *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*,] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake*, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather *mandrakes* is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

The same allusion occurs in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, by Randolph:

"This is the *mandrake's* voice that undoes me."

STEEVENS.

705. — *Poison be their drink*!] Most of these execrations are used in the very words of Shakspeare by Lee, in his *Cesar Borgia*, a. 4. STEEVENS.

707. — *of cypress trees*!] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

708. — *murdering basilisks*! — *Lizards' stings*!] It

It has been said of the *basilisk* that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. STEEVENS.

717. *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them, what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON.

728. *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal, Through whom a thousand sighs, &c.*] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

764. *Aye me, what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is wordly pomp? all men must die,
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end.

STEEVENS.

765. — *at an hour's poor loss.*] I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

778. *Where, from thy sight,—*]. In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

781. ———turn thy flying soul,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say,

“ See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

“ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

STEEVENS.

787. *Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,*] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corsive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“ His son distrest, a *corsive* to his heart.”

Again, in *The Alchymist*, by Ben Jonson, 1610:

“ Now do you see that something's to be done

“ Beside your beech-coal and your *corsive* waters.”

Again, in an *Ode* by the same:

“ I send not balms nor *corsives* to your wound.”

MALONE.

791. *I'll have an Iris——*] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that End's Well*:

“ ———this distemper'd messenger of wet,

“ The many-colour'd Iris——.” STEEVENS.

799. *Enter king Henry, &c.*] The quarto offers the following stage directions: *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*

STEEVENS.

826. *Hold up thy hand*—] Thus in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1611, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says :

“ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

“ *Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive.”

Again :

“ *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here,

“ Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ:—

“ Now joy betide thy soul !”

This *K. John* was first published in 1591. STEEVENS.

829. *Forbear to judge*, &c.]

“ Peccantes culpare cave, nam libimur omnes,

“ Aut summus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse
quod hic est.” JOHNSON.

831. *Exeunt*.] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth ; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 1. *FIGHT at sea*.] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in the *Silent Woman* :

Woman : "Nay, I would sit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target."

STEEVENS.

The gaudy, blabbing,—day,] The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*

JOHNSON.

———*remorseful day.*] *Remorseful* is pitiful.

STEEVENS.

3. ———*the jades*

That drag the tragic melancholy night,

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves,——] The wings of the

jades that drag night, appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons.

JOHNSON.

21. *Nor can those lives——*] The old copy reads *the lives of those.*

STEEVENS.

29. *Look on my George,——*] In the first edition it is my ring.

WARBURTON.

35. ———*by Water——*] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton :

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,

"Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,

"And one foretold, by *water* thou should'st die," &c.

A note

A note on these lines says, "The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

STEEVENS.

48. *Jove some time went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, without which what follows is not sense. The next line also:

Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
was falsly put in the Captain's mouth.

POPE.

50. — *lowly swain,* —] The quarto reads *lowsy swain*.

STEEVENS.

52. — *such a jaded groom.*] This epithet seems to me so strange, that I suspect some corruption. The quarto reads either *lady-groom*, or *jady-groom*; it is difficult to say which.

MALONE.

60. — *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time.

JOHNSON.

70. *Thou dar'st not, &c.*] In the quarto edition the passage stands thus,

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt,

I'll stop that yawning mouth of thine.

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c.

STEEVENS.

71. *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissonance of this

this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax :

Poole ? Sir Poole ? lord Poole ?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*.

JOHNSON.

81. ———to affy——] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* :

“ In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*

“ A lady,” &c.

Again, in the 17th Song of the *Polyolbion* :

“ ———the *Almaine* emperor's bride

“ Which after to the earl of Anjou was *affy'd*.”

STEEVENS.

108. *Being captain of a pinnace*,] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118. “ The king (James I.) naming the great ship, *Trade's Increase*; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her), *Peppercorn*.”

STEEVENS.

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *spyner*) was about twenty five. See *Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 159.

HENLEY.

109. *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*.] Mr. Theobald says, “ This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him.” And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's History*: “ *Bargulus Illyrius latro*,

de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit," lib. ii. cap. 11.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes, that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whynton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says *Suffolk*,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,

The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601:

"*Abradas* the great Macedonian pirate thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean."

STEEVENS.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, *Abbras*, is the name of a terrible gyant in the old Romants: whence, "Ce fier *Abbras*:" this kil-cow, skarecrow, bugbear, swash-buckler, horrible hackster.

TOLLET.

118. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*] *Ovid. de Tristibus*, 313.

STEEVENS.

133. *Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty you can.*] Surely this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of *Suffolk's* reply to the Captain.

STEEVENS.

135. — *bezoniens.*] See a note on the 2d part of *Henry IV.* act v. scene iii.

“*Bisognoso*, is a mean low man.”

So, in Sir Giles Gooscap, 1606:

“——if he come to me like your *Besognio*, or your boor.”

Again, in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 4.

“The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen: in France peasants, in Spain *besonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe.” STEEVENS.

136. *A Roman sworder, &c.*] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Lænas, tribune of the soldiers.

STEEVENS.

137. ——*Brutus' bastard hand*] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

139. *Pompey the great*;] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other.

JOHNSON.

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. STEEVENS.

143. *There let his head, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen,
And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,

To see it safe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

An excellent letter of this unfortunate nobleman to his

his son, just before his own death, and many other interesting anecdotes respecting him, are preserved in the very curious collection of the *Paston Letters* just published by Mr. Fenn.—One, which relates the particulars of his murder, is here subjoined:

“*To the ryght worchipfull John Paston, at Norwich.*

“Ryght worchipfull Sr. I recomaunde me to yow, and am right sory of that I shalle sey and have soo weshe this litel bill with sorwfulle terys that on ethes (*scarcely*) ye shalle reede it.

“As on Monday nexte after May (day 4th. May) ther come tydyngs to London that on Thorsday before (30th. of April) the Duke of Suff’ come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dower with his ij shepes and a litel Spynn^r the qweche Spynn^r he sente with c’teyn Lett^rs to c’teyn of his trustid men unto Caleys warde to knowe howe he shuld be resceyvyd, and with hym mette a shippe callyd Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the Spyn^r the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the Dukes amying, and whanne he espyed the Dukes shepis he sent forth his bote to wete what they were, and the Duke hym selfe spakke to hem, and seyde he was be the Kyngs comaundement sent to Caleys ward, &c.

“And they seyde he moste speke with here mast^r and soo he w^t ij or iij of his men wente forth wyth hem yn here bote to the Nicolas, and whanne he come the mast^r badde hym welcom Traito^r as mē sey, and for-

D ij

th^r

th^r the maist^r desyryd to wete yf the Shepmen woldde holde with the Duke, and they sent word the wold not ynn noo wyse, and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Saturday next (2^d. May) folwyng.

“Soom sey he wrotte moche thenke to be delyur^d to the Kynge, but that is not verily knowe, he hadde his Confesso^r with him, &c.

“And some sey he was arreynd yn the sheppe on here man^r upon the appechementes, and fonde gylty, &c.

“Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it he remembred Stacy that seid if he myght eschape the daung^r of the Towr he shud be saffe, and than his herte faylyd hym for he thowght he was dyssevyd, and yn the syght of all drawyn ought of the grete Shippe yn to the Bote, and there was an Exe and a stoke and oon of the lewdeste (*meanest*) of the shippe badde hym ley down hys hedde and he shud be fair ferd wyth and dye on a swerd, and smotte of his hedde withyn halfe a doseyn strokes, and toke away his Gown of russette and his Dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the Sonds of Dover, and some sey his hedde was sette oon a pole by it, and hes men sette on the londe grette circōst^{unce} and prey [*that is*, as I understand it, after the most circumstantial proofs of their not being accessories with the Duke, and intreaties to be discharged] and the Shreve of Kent doth weche the body and sent his Unde^r Shreve to the Juges to wete what to doo, and also to the Kenge whatte shalbe doo.

“Further

“ Forther I wotte notte but this fer is y^e yf the p^rs
(*procss*) be erroneo^s lete his concell reurse it,” &c.

This letter was written on Tuesday 5 of May 1450,
& in the 28 of Henry VI.

Mr. Fenn adds, that “ the Duke’s body was taken
from Dover Sands, and carried to the Collegiate
Church of Wingfield in Suffolk, where it lies interred
under an altar tomb, in the Chancel, with his effigies
in armour, painted, gilt, &c. carved in wood, lying
on it. It is remarkably well executed, as is that of
Alice his wife likewise, which lies at his right hand.

See Mr. Fenn’s observations on the preceding nar-
rative, in the *Collection of the Paston Letters*, Vol. I.

p. 48.

HENLEY.

149. —get thee a sword,—] The quarto reads
—put a long staff in thy pike, &c.

STEEVENS.

152. Jack Cade &c.] See a curious and authentick
account of Cade and his proceedings in Fenn’s Col-
lection of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 55, &c.

HENLEY.

182. —a cade of herrings.] i. e. a barrel of her-
rings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is
cade corrupted.

JOHNSON.

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Her-
vey’s books against a *cade of herrings*, and says, “ That
the rebel Jack Cade was the first that devised to put
redde herrings in *ca*des, and from him they have their
name.” *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599.

STEEVENS.

183. —our enemies shall fall before us,—] He

D iij

alludes

alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus :

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our enemies shall fall before us ;——

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inspired with the spirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

196. ——*furr'd pack*,——] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

213. ——*the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops* ;] In the *Gulls Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609, *hoops* are mentioned among other drinking measures : “ —his *hoops*, cans, half-cans,” &c. And, in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595 : “ I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more.”

It appears from a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, that, “ burning of Cans” was one of the offices of a city magistrate. I suppose he means burning such as were not of statutable measure. STEEVENS.

An anonymous commentator supposes, perhaps with more truth that “ the burning of cans” was, marking them with a red-hot iron, which is still practised by the magistrate in many country burroughs, in proof of *their being* statutable measure.

These *cans*, it should be observed, were of wood.

HENLEY.

219. ——— *there shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.

JOHNSON.

246. *They use to write it on the top of letters;*] *i. e.* Of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Ma-billion's *Diplomata*.

WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt*, I find the same circumstance. The archbishop of Burges (*i. e.* Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to king Henry:

“ I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

“ Conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*.”

The king in answer says,

“ ——— deliver him safe conduct

“ Under our broad seal *Emanuel*.” STEEVENS.

277. ——— *I pass not;*] I pay them no regard.

JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia*:

“ Transform me to what shape you can,

“ *I pass not* what it be.”

STEEVENS.

351. *This monument of the victory will I bear; —*] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

“ Jack

“ Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey’s brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London.”

STEEVENS.

355. *If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.]* I think it should be read thus, *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the goals, &c.*

JOHNSON.

374. *Rul’d, like a wand’ring planet,——]* Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence.

JOHNSON.

438. *Knock him down there,]* So, in Holinshed, p. 634. “ He also put to execution, &c. and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped name of Mortimer.”

STEEVENS.

446. *Matthew Gough]* “ A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father.” Holinshed, p. 635.

STEEVENS.

452. ———*that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.]* This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. “ It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lipps, that within four daies *all the lawes of England should come foorth of his mouth.*”

TYRWHITT.

471. ——— *thou say, thou serge,* ———] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. I. c. iv.

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*

"He clothed was."

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

"And in a kirtle of green *say*."

It appears, however, from the following passage in the *Faerie Queene*, B. III. c. ii. that *say* was not *silk*:

"His garment neither was of *silk* nor *say*."

STEEVENS.

482. ——— *printing to be us'd* ———] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into a mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

"Let there be found two fatal instruments,

"The one to publish, th' other to defend

"Impious contention, and proud discontent;

"Make that *instamped characters* may send

"Abroad to thousands thousands men's intent;

"And in a moment may dispatch much more

"Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakspeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase,
Mark-

Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

“Though *cannons* roar yet you must not be deaf.”

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a castle at the same period “with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*.” Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Wharton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman, in his *Origines Typographica*, hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corsellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI.

BLACKSTONE.

488. —to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.] The quarto reads, with more humour,——“honest men that steal for their living.”

MALONE.

490. —because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them:—] *i. e.* They were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

JOHNSON.

493. —Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,——] A *foot-cloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a peddler mounted on a *foot-cloth*.” STEEVENS.

495. —to let thy horse wear a cloak,——] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. JOHNSON.

502. —*bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus,

Cade. *Bonum terrum*, what's that?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Nick. No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677." The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whose minds be ever movable at the change of princes) came," &c.

STEEVENS.

507. *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar's *Comment.* B. V. "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-foke."

STEEVENS.

515. *When have I aught exacted at your hands?*

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king.] This

passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed so as to make *Say* declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounnty, that learning raised him, and therefore

therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

*When have I aught exacted at your hand,
But to maintain the king, the realm and you?*

JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord *Say*, as the passage stands at present, not only declares he had preferred men of learning to *maintain Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds toutologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent to maintain, &c.* i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to, &c.*

STEEVENS.

534. —[*the help of a hatchet*] We have here, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, a strange corruption. *The help of a hatchet* is little better than nonsense, and it is almost certain our author originally wrote *pap with a hatchet*; alluding to Lilly's pamphlet with the same title, which made its appearance about the time when this play is supposed to have been written.

STEEVENS.

535. *Why dost thou quiver, man? &c.*] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved*:

"*Spinosa*. You are trembling, sir,

"*Renault*. 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged.

"Full of decay and natural infirmities."

STEEVENS.

546. *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.*]

The word *guiltless* was, I imagine, an interlineation in the MS. and has, I think, been inserted in a wrong place, I believe, we ought to read,

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

MALONE.

550. — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach.

STEEVENS.

551. — *a familiar under his tongue ;*] A familiar is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Love is a familiar; there is no angel but love.”

STEEVENS.

565. — *shall pay to me her maidenhead, &c.*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play, called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

570. — *Take up commodities upon our bills ?*] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds with which the commons were anciently armed.

PERCY.

579. — *Let them kiss one another ;*] This is from

the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

“ With these two heads I made a pretty play,

“ For pight on poales I bore them through the
strete,

“ And for my sport made *each kisse other swete*.”

FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634. “ and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to *kisse together*.”

STEEVENS.

632. *Henry hath money*,—] Dr. Warburton reads, *Henry hath mercy*; but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*.

JOHNSON.

654. —I was made a king, at nine months old:] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. p. 252, king Henry is made to say,

“ I do remember how my father said,” &c.

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this.

BLACKSTONE.

I do not perceive any impropriety on this occasion. We all remember the sayings of people who died long before we were born.

STEEVENS.

676. *Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes*,] These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

700. *A garden in Kent*] Holinshed p. 635, says: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield," &c.

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction: *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

710. —but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan, &c.] A *sallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet (says Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatae fuerunt.* POPE.

So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, "—One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *sallet*."

Again, *Ibid*: "Some were driven to fill their *sallets* and murrains with water."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"This will beare away a good rappe,

"As good as a *sallet* to me verilie." STEEVENS.

I do not see by what rules of etymology, *sallet* can be formed from *cælata*. Is it not rather a corruption from the French *salut*, taken, I suppose, from the scriptural phrase, the *helmet of salvation*? Brain-pan, for skull, occurs, I think in Wicliff's translation of Judges, xix. 53.

WHALLEY.

752. *As for more words, whose greatness answers words,*

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.]

More has been added by some of the modern editors. It is not in the first or second folio. This passage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

767. — *when I am dead:]* How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh, sword, 'Ill honour thee for this, and in my chamber

Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great service thou hast done to me.

STEEVENS.

And hang thee, only means, I will have thee hang. The same kind of expression is found in *The Winter's Tale*: "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten——" *i. e.* for people to talk on. MALONE.

775. *How much thou wrong'st me,——]* *i. e.* in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

778. *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.]* The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add, after the lines I have just quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my sword.

Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification.

STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V.

Line 9. — *BALANCE* it] *i. e.* Balance my hand.

JOHNSON.

10. *A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;*] I think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a sceptre.

STEEVENS.

81. *May Iden, &c.*] Iden has said before:

Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,

And may enjoy, &c.

Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them.

ANONYMOUS.

120. *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those]* Considering how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c.

THEOBALD.

Bale signifies sorrow. Either word may serve.

JOHNSON.

132. — *a bedlam and ambitious humour]* The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lu-

naticks till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GREY.

146. — *fell lurking curs*:] Mr. Roderick would read “*fell barking* ;” the author of the *Revisal* “*fell lurching* ;” but perhaps, by *fell lurking*, is meant curs who are at once a compound of *cruelty and treachery*.

STEEVENS.

151. *Oft have I seen, &c.*] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow’s *Account of Queen Elizabeth’s Amusements of this kind*; and Laneham’s *Letter concerning that Queen’s Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*.

PERCY.

The one of whom has adopted his description from the other.

HENLEY.

200. — *burgonet*,] Is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Martyr’d Soldier*, 1638:

“ — now tye

“ Strong charms upon my full plum’d *burgonet*.”

STEEVENS.

202. — *my father’s badge*, —] The quarto reads—*age*.

STEEVENS.

215. *Foul stigmatick*,] A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, or a stigma.

STEEVENS.

243. *A dreadful lay*!] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

JOHNSON.

244. *La fin couronne les œuvres*.] The players read,

La fin corrone les eumènes. STEEVENS.

York kills Clifford.] Our author has here departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon

to

to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on *York* and *Rutland*.

It is remarkable, that, at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened :

“ *Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all abrest*

“ *Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in,*

“ *Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*”

PERCY.

257. *And the premised flames——*] *Premised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. **WARBURTON.**

261. *To cease!*] Is to *stop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon*:

“ *———be not ceas'd*

“ *With slight denial——*”

STEEVENS.

262. *——to atchieve*] Is, to obtain. **JOHNSON.**

263. *The silver livery of advised age;*] *Advised*, is wise, experienced. **MALONE.**

271. *——to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ *To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,*

“ *And melt in her own fire.*”

STEEVENS.

279. The quarto copy has these lines,

Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,

To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

Enter

Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights him, and Richard flies away again.

Out, crook'd-back'd villain! get thee from my sight!

But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)

I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.

[Exit young Clifford with his father.]

STEEVENS.

282. *So, lie thou there;——*

For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,

The Castle in saint Alban's, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous——] The par-

ticle *for*, in the second line, seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read,

Fall'n underneath an ale-house' paltry sign, &c.

Yet the alteration is not necessary; for the old reading is sense, though obscure. JOHNSON.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto,

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!

What's here? the sign of the Castle?

Then the prophecy is come to pass;

For Somerset was forewarned of castles,

The which he always did observe; and now,

Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,

The Castle in saint Alban's, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous by his death.

STEEVENS.

The quarto, though manifestly made out by the ear,

ear, by some unskilful short-hand writer, has generally something like the poet's sense, though seldom his words. The reading which it here exhibits induces me to think that a line was omitted at the press, when the folio was printing. It might have been of this purport:

Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;

For underneath, &c.

MALONE.

285. — *famous in his death.* —] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the first act of this play:

" Let him shun castles :

" Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

" Than where castles mounted, stand."

i. e. the representation of a castle mounted for a sign.

THEOBALD,

303. — *all our present parts.*] Should we not read
— *party?*

THYRWHITT.

346. *Away, my lord, away!*] The quarto has given the king three lines before his exit:

Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,

And summon up a parliament with speede,

To stop the fury of these dyre events.

MALONE.

309. — *brush of time;*] Read *bruise* of time.

WARBURTON.

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time.

The

The old reading I suppose to be the true one. So, in *Timon*:

“ ——one winter’s *brush*.”

STEEVENS.

310. ——*gallant in the brow of youth*,] The *brow of youth* is an expression not very easily explained. I read *the blow of youth*; the blossom, the spring.

JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth* is the *height of youth*, as the *brow of a hill* is its summit. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——the head and *front* of my offending.”

Again, in *K. John*:

“ Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night.”

STEEVENS.

316. *Three times bestride him*; ——] *i. e.* Three times I saw him fallen, and striding over him, defended him till he recovered.

JOHNSON.

329. *Being opposites of such repairing nature*.] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

MALONE.

THE END.



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